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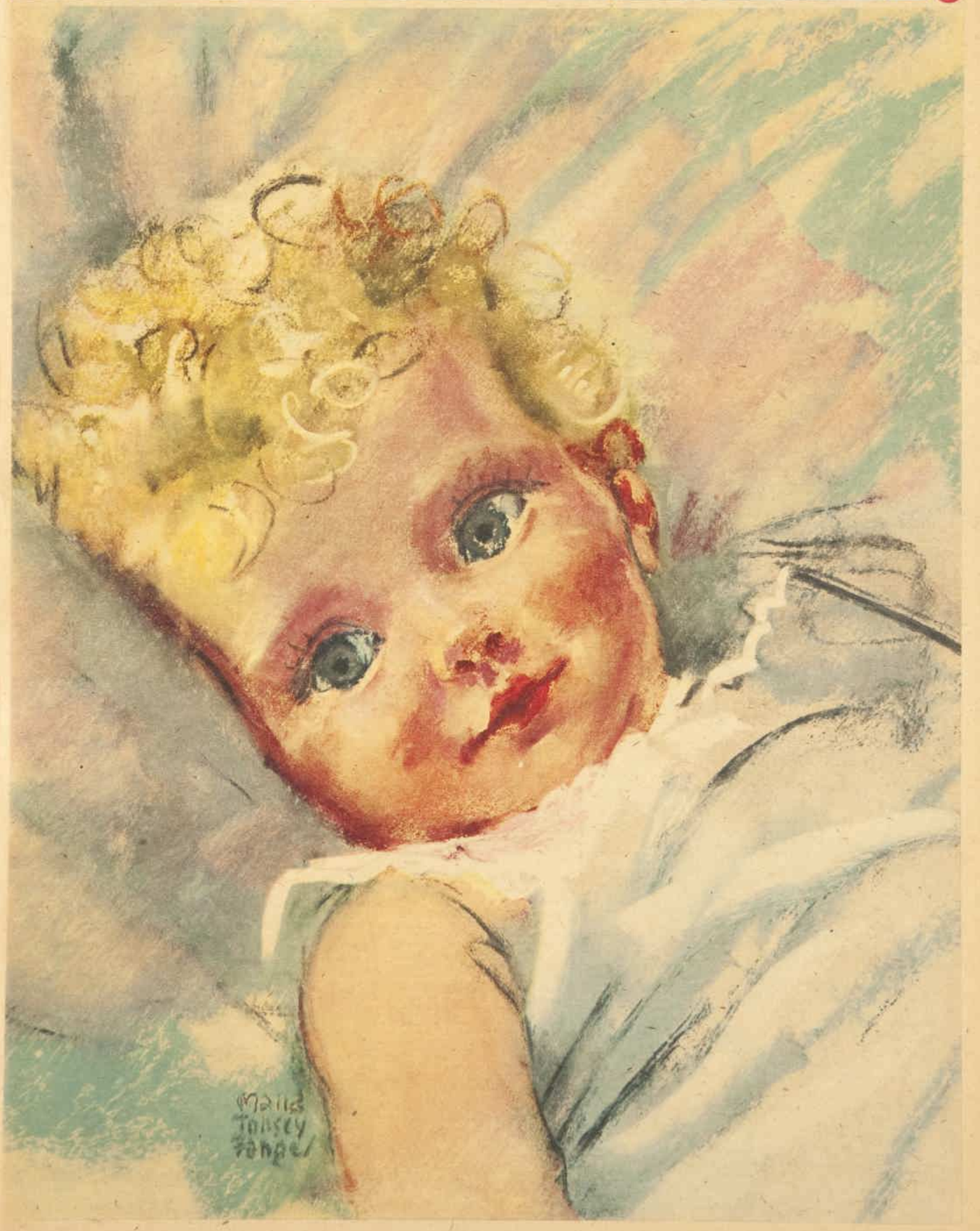

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JAPAN OPENS AUSTRALIA'S OYSTERS

"ONCE ABOARD the lugger and the pearls are ours," grins this Japanese bosun.

PICTURESQUE pearling luggers, from which Japanese divers go down to Australian seas for pearls.

Yellow men dare death for sea-bed gems at Thursday Is.

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

If an industrious Oriental race has practical possession of Australia's pearling industry—if Japanese ships and Japanese sailors haunt the two-thousand-mile-long Barrier Reef archipelago—it is largely the fault of Australia.

WHEN I first saw that fascinating place, Thursday Island, 30 years ago, pearling was in full swing.

Shell was high, up to £200 and more per ton, and pearls were as yet untouched by the discovery of pearl culture.

Thursday Island was booming.

When you landed from your ship you saw many Japanese about, but there were just as many whites.

There were hundreds of pearling luggers, with white captains and crews for the most part, and tales of big pearls, of fortunes made in a day, filled the island.

Now, there is not a single white diver left in "T.I." The Japanese do all the diving, although the luggers are supposed to be owned by white residents. The crews are Japanese.

The shell is brought in to the owners of the boats—and if some of it is supposed to be "dumped" upon stray islands on the way home there's nobody to tell tales but the birds.

As for the pearls—nobody knows. The Japanese are allowed to take them, and do what they like with them.

Pearl prices are down, but it is likely that the gems of Thursday Island have done their share in providing munitions against China.

Nowadays, the Japanese are overwhelmingly superior in numbers.

An impartial observer is forced to the conclusion that the dominating position of the Japanese has come about through the lethargy and indifference of the whites.

Diving is dangerous and difficult work. Divers must—three times must—keep sober. The white divers didn't care for the job.

Thursday Island has long been nicknamed Thirsty Island, not without reason; and if you live there you are apt to

"Take life easy
"As the grass grows on the weir."

But the Jap doesn't drink. The Jap isn't lazy. The Jap is fatalistic, and at all times ready to put his life in pawn for small benefit. The Jap took on the diving, and kept it.

"Japs are naturally better fitted for diving work than we are," maintain the whites. "They don't get paralysed so often. They can stay below longer."

Yet there is another well-known pearling ground on the Australian coast, Broome, where white men still keep on the diving work.

Risky work

NOBODY says in Broome that a white man is not as good for the work as an Asiatic. The diving there is mixed, but the whites do not seem inferior.

In Thursday Island the Japanese have made a cult of diving. Only young and physically perfect men take it on.

During the off season they prepare themselves for the coming shell work by taking quantities of vitamins in concentrated form, and by living quiet and healthy lives.

The Japanese diver doesn't wear the cumbrous old diving dress that covers a man from head to foot.

It, may be, doubtless is, safer in some ways than the mere helmet and corslet that he wears; but he prefers the latter, as it is quicker to put on and take off, and—he says—does not expose him so much to paralysis.

In the helmet dress he has to keep constantly upright; a slip of the foot may fling him down, throw aside the helmet, and end his life.

He meets the risk as far as he can by the use of diving shoes invented by himself, and looking very like black cloven hoofs.

They are pure rubber, with a separate division for the great toe, and they cling like the feet of flies to the corals and rocks on the seabed.

This dress exposes him seriously to the danger of attack from savage fish, of which there are many in Torres Strait waters.

Hardly a week or two passes in the diving season without a report of a diving helmet and corslet pulled up empty, the luckless Japanese having been shelled out of it like a peanut from its husk, to make a meal for a fierce barracouta or a shark.

His little possessions—a few clothes, a picture of the people at home, a portrait of the Mikado—are collected in a box, with a photograph of himself.

His funeral is held with ceremony, where bottles of pink lemonade and cakes, nuts, and fruit, simple offerings from those who survive, lie decaying on many tombs.

The little box, small as a baby's coffin, is buried, and a pillar raised over it, and that is all of the diver . . .

One supposes that he earns his profits, such as they are.

Super efficiency

IT is noticeable in Thursday Island that the white inhabitants have a high opinion of the Japanese; they make friends readily with the little yellow men, and even work for them.

One may see almost any day a white laborer carrying a Japanese pearler's luggage for him, and taking a tip.

The Japanese have plenty of money, and spend it liberally enough, although most of them hope to return very soon to Japan with a small fortune, gained in the dangerous work of diving.

They are masters of detail in their business; the luggers they run are clean as a surgeon's consulting room; bunks are spotless and well covered.

Food is of the best, and even in the details of personal toilet they carry out the plan of efficiency—no Japanese risks using another man's toothbrush.

All the brushes belonging to the crew are hung up on a rack with differently colored threads marking each.

To see a Japanese diver going down is a revelation to anyone who knows the old way.

The little Japanese simply puts on a warm jersey, slips his light diving shoes on his feet, lifts the helmet and corslet, and with his lifeline fastened, and the air tube already working, slips over the side.

It is typical of his race that he has adopted this dangerous way of working. Quick and effective is his motto, and never mind if you don't come up some day; it's all in the game.

If the white men of the north had not grown tired of shelling and let the energetic Japanese take up the work, there might be fewer racial problems about the back door of Australia to-day.

Make this a page from your life

Box within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love-story of her own. To the girl who would win such happiness, natural beauty is not so essential as the art of appearing fascinating and well cared for. And what helps more than a satin-soft skin! Even an ordinary complexion takes on a clear and lovely tone with Erasmic Face Powder—so fine and diaphanous is this heaven-sent aid to loveliness. And as you continue to use it, the fragrance of Erasmic will come to seem an inseparable part of you.

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Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MR. V. F. TURNER

. . . four million votes.

CHIEF Electoral Officer for the Commonwealth, Mr. V. F. Turner, has just directed his third Federal election for Australia's four and a quarter million voters.

"A difficult task this time was providing machinery to enable Australian fighting forces overseas to vote, expediting return of votes to Australia and preserving the secrecy of the ballot," he says.

—Rembrandt.

MISS B. WARHURST

Munitions laboratories.

"NOW I will have a real chance to play my part in the war. I am thrilled that my scientific studies can be useful," rejoices Miss Barbara Warhurst, recently appointed geologist at the Munition Supply Laboratories, Victoria.

Science (honors) graduate of Adelaide University, she was assistant mineralogist and paleontologist at Adelaide Museum.

MR. LA GUARDIA

Dictators will hesitate . . .

"WHEN we are through with our plans for the defence of Canada and the United States, the Dictators will hesitate to attack the Western Hemisphere," declares New York's dynamic Mayor Fiorello ("Little Flower") La Guardia, chairman of the U.S.-Canada Defence Board.

American political life has no more colorful figure than fiery rotund Mr. La Guardia, who has been for seven years Mayor of New York.

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Polly drew aside with Nelson, trying to conceal her nervousness.

SECRET AGENT UNAWARES

By HOFFMAN BIRNEY

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

"THERE," said Polly Ann Meredith, "is the only thing I don't like in South America. One thing — and it's an American girl!"

She sat on the balcony of the Hotel Gratia in Rio de Janeiro with Jim Vancamp, head of the group which Great Basin Air Transport had sent to South America to survey markets and trade routes and report on the feasibility of establishing an aerial freight service.

At another table, their backs to Polly and her companion, were Lance Riker, G-BAT communications expert, and a woman.

"I don't like things I can't understand," Polly continued. "That girl was in Belem and then we saw her again in Manaos, nearly a thousand miles up the Amazon. Call that coincidence—but she came into Recife just a few hours after we got there and she tried to hire a commercial plane to take her to Bello Horizonte on the same day that Lance and Tacks Malone flew out there. Now here she is in Rio being sugar-sweet to Lance. Coincidence doesn't work as regularly as that, Jim. It doesn't make sense."

"I'll bite, Merry," Vancamp stirred his drink and grinned. "What's the answer?"

"I don't know; I wish I did." The grey eyes were troubled. "She's an American—at least she's travelling on an American passport. Her name is Edna Stacy and she gives Cleveland as her home. She told Lance this was her first trip to South America and yet she talks Portuguese like a native—listen."

The girl at the other table was repeating, in swift Latin speech, Lance Riker's order to the waiter. The radio expert's face wore the helpless, half-angry expression of a man compelled by circumstances to permit a woman to perform a task he regarded as his own. Lance was tall and golden blond.

"He's engaged to a splendid girl in San Leandro," Polly added suddenly.

"Oh, oh!" Vancamp laughed. "Don't you know, Polly, that a man isn't even married, let alone engaged when he's more than a thousand miles from home?"

"I'm not worrying about Lance. It's something else, Jim. It isn't reasonable that the same person would turn up everywhere that the G-Batters do. That girl wants something."

"Give her a key to the files. There's nothing secret about our mission, Polly. The whole story was published in the South American papers long before we left home. Open covenants openly arrived at—that's us. Nothing up our sleeves but our arms——"

"—and a prayer, maybe," Polly interrupted, "that we'll sell a few planes to any government that's in the market—or did you bring Tacks Malone and that RF-8 two-place fighter along just for a little local color? And we're travelling in a nice new BT-4 which has been called the world's leading long-range bomber. Was all that in the news releases, Jim, or is it possible that somebody somewhere might be interested in construction details and the performance records of those ships?"

The ice tinkled sharply in Vancamp's glass as he raised it to his lips. Polly had jested with truth. The BT-4 had been developed in G-BAT drafting rooms and testing laboratories. Its performance had surpassed all expectations; converted to a passenger transport it had, almost overnight, rendered obsolescent the D-series ships which had been regarded as the last word in commercial airliners.

Several million dollars in D-transports were standing idle in the storage hangars, and the mission to South America had been projected to find a field where those ships might be utilised.

The trip—through special diplomatic arrangement—was being made in one of the new BT-4 transports, with Tacks Malone and Polly Ann Meredith alternating at the controls. Tacks, who had perhaps three equals as an acrobatic pilot, would also demonstrate the RF-8 fighting plane which had been crated and shipped to Rio. Before the war, many European military airplanes had been purchased for the South American air forces; there was no better time to prove that American plants could produce ships and engines equal in every way to those manufactured beyond the Atlantic.

The commercial aspects of the trip had not been publicised, yet it was no secret that high officials had inspected the transport and that Tacks had put the trim fighter through its paces and had staged a mock combat with a foreign-made Gyrfalcon. Only Jim Vancamp knew if orders had been placed or were being negotiated, and Jim Vancamp was not a talker.

"You've been reading too many novels about mysterious adventuresses, Polly," he growled. "There are no female spies trying to dig up G-BAT secrets. Forget the whole business and have a good time during the three days of vacation we've got coming whether we want it or not. There'll be no business done during Carnaval; forget your intuition."

"I can't laugh it off like that," the girl said soberly. "Listen, Jim, any woman can fool almost any man in the world, but she can't fool another woman. I've got a hunch——"

Vancamp rose. "My hunch is that it's six o'clock and that the missus and I have to put on all our warpaint for that formal dinner at the Military Club. Here's Mr. Franklin, Polly. Entertain him with an expurgated edition—expurgated, I said—of your fears."

He bowed to a tall grey-haired man whose skin was as yellow as saffron from years of tropical sun. "Polly needs cheering up, Franklin," he remarked. "Tell her some of your good stories. I've got to run."

Franklin ordered a drink and took the chair Vancamp had quitted.

"There's one question you must get used to down here, Miss Meredith," he said, "because we who live here never get tired of asking it—how do you like South America?"

"You must mean Brazil, because that's the only country I've seen so far, and the answer is that I love it —everything!" Polly spoke abstractedly, staring past Franklin's shoulder toward the other table.

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Birth of a Hero

Trapped, at the mercy of an armed robber, what could she do? From her very despair there came a startling solution.

COMPLETE STORY

"LAND sakes," said Miss Otway, "machine-guns and electric alarms for a little country bank like this! I never heard of such a thing."

"You don't approve, Kate?" asked Mr. Mullins coldly.

"I certainly do not. In the first place, it will cost a lot of money. In the second, the first thing you know, you boys will get hysterical and begin firing at each other."

Mr. Mullins, who took his position as president of the First National Bank of Red Bridge seriously, did not enjoy hearing himself called a boy by his assistant cashier. He explained stiffly that a bank in the neighboring town had been held up in broad daylight.

"I bet I'd have time to run down and slam the vaults shut while you were all reaching for your guns," said Miss Otway.

"I don't doubt that you would perform prodigies of valor," replied the president icily, "but I feel it my duty to take further precautions."

Strictly speaking, it was not the business of the assistant cashier to decide what equipment the bank should install, but Miss Otway was something more than her office.

She was much better-looking at fifty than she had ever been before. She was also incredibly efficient and quite capable of running the bank single-handed, all knew only too well. Worse than this, the bank had originally been her idea, and most of them owed their positions to her.

She had begun life as the junior secretary of the great Martin Robbins, when he lived at Red Bridge. But soon she was his head secretary, and then she was running not only his business, but his household, and pointing out to him that it would be convenient to have a bank in the town where he lived, and that Jim Mullins would make a good president.

Mullins longed for the day when she should retire on a pension. She was the major problem of his business life. She contradicted him openly and undermined his influence over his employees by usually being right.

Lately, she had developed a fiercely maternal streak towards the personnel of the bank—including himself.

He had gone so far as to consult their local doctor. Bertram Ayres and Miss Otway were dear friends, although he was almost young enough to be her son.

To Ayres, Mullins suggested that it would be better for Miss Otway herself if she retired at her age—nearing sixty, Mullins called it. But the doctor only laughed. "Kate Otway will see you buried, Jim, and choose your successor—and his successor, too, maybe. You'll never get her out of the bank, so give the whole thing up."

Mullins explained that he had only been thinking of what would be best for Miss Otway.

One afternoon in late March, Miss Otway was tidying her desk before leaving when Sickles, the cashier, approached her with the keys to the vault in his hand.

"YOU'LL have to open up in the morning, Miss Otway," he said. "I've just had a telephone call from home. I'm driving the wife to Stonehaven to the hospital, and I don't suppose I'll get back before noon, if then."

Miss Otway's wrinkled little face broke into smiles. "I've got my blanket almost done," she said, nodding at him. "Don't you hurry back. This time I hope it's a boy."

Outside, she found Seth Means, the husky young watchman, looking everything over. He coughed as Miss Otway passed him, and she turned in her tracks.

"Seth Means, what are you doing for that cough?"

"Well, what can you do for a cough?"

She couldn't have been more pleased if he had given her a handsome present. She gave him a short lecture on curing his cough.

Miss Otway lived on the outskirts of the town in a house which had once been the lodge of the great Robbins place.

It consisted of four rooms and was built all on one floor. In front, there was a sitting-room and a bedroom; at the back, a kitchen and dining-room with a bathroom between. The front rooms had their normal supply of windows, but in order to keep the unbroken walls of a temple the two back rooms had no proper windows at all—only slits two feet high just below the roof.

To be candid, Miss Otway did not consider this a defect. She liked the feeling of being comfortably unobserved in her kitchen—and of course the advantages for a bathroom were obvious.

Miss Otway let herself in with a latchkey, turned on the lights, started the kettle, and began to undress, moving in and out of the kitchen to arrange her evening meal. She ate it with relish, washed the dishes, and then sat rocking in her sitting-room reading her favorite literature.

She was going to bed about half past nine when she remembered she would need to make an early start in the morning if she were to open the vaults. She went back to the kitchen and had begun to make arrangements for breakfast when she heard a ring at the bell. She hurried to her front door.

"For land sakes," said Miss Otway, for as she opened the door a man stepped inside.

His face was covered with a black cloth, and he held a revolver in his right hand. He stepped in and shut the door behind him and motioned her to go down the little hallway to the kitchen.

"What in the world do you want?" said Miss Otway, but it was a rhetorical question. She knew what he wanted—the keys to the vault, reposing safely in her pocketbook in her upper bureau drawer.

She was not exactly frightened; she kept asking herself if it was her duty to die to save those keys, but the shrewd, practical sense that had guided her all her life told her that, duty or not, she wasn't going to do it—not if she had a choice. No, she said to herself, she might be old and she might be selfish, but she preferred to ruin the bank than cease to be.

She went loping down the hall to the kitchen, with the masked figure following her, and when they got inside, he locked the door.

"Now, you," he said, "sit down and keep still. I won't hurt you if you do as I tell you."

Miss Otway sat down and stared at him. The voice was young. The man's eyes shone through the mask, but she could get no impression of his features.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she began.

He said, "I'll tell you what you're to do . . ."

Once shut into the kitchen, Miss Otway gave up all idea of screaming. No scream from the kitchen, with its high, small windows, would penetrate far, and as a matter of fact the old lodge was far enough out of town to minimise the likelihood of passers-by.

She sat down on a painted kitchen chair and looked at her visitor. She could not see the shape of his head, for his full cap came well down over his ears, but she got a glimpse of smooth brown hair. His clothes were grey, shabby, and cut with a cheap effort at fashion.

He did not sit down; he stood. "Now, I'll tell you what to do," he said. "You and I will stay here until morning. Then when you go to open the vaults of the bank I'll go along. See? If there is any trouble with anyone, like the watchman, you'll explain that I'm coming in to cash a cheque. You get me into the bank—and that's all you have to worry about."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Then I'll drill you and get the keys out of your pocketbook from the top drawer."

"Have you been spying on me?"

He continued, ignoring her question:

"I'll go down and bump off the watchman and go in as the doors open, but I'd rather do it the other way."

Miss Otway was not exactly frightened. She could not really believe that anyone meant her ill. She gave a slight toss to her head. "Land sakes," she said, "how did you ever take to such a way of life, an able-bodied young fellow like you? You ought——"

"Oh, cut it out," said her visitor. And here he made a psychological error. If he had allowed Miss Otway to talk, if he had allowed her to suggest that what he needed was a little care, if he had let her sew a button on his coat and prepare an evening meal, she would easily have persuaded herself that she was leading him to a better path, and she wouldn't have had time to think about thwarting his evil designs. But the rebuff—the rudeness, as she put it to herself—made her more definitely his enemy than any threat to her life.

She sat stiffly on her chair, but her mind was working like lightning. She considered all the possibilities of summoning aid. The telephone wasn't in the kitchen but

Everywhere Women are Raving About This Amazing New Type Shampoo

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Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.

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No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk.

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"What?" you say, "No second rinses, no vinegar or special after-rinses?"

No, not one extra-rinse! That's the marvellous part. This wonderful shampoo—Colinated 'foam' Shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinsable film ordinary alkaline soap lather or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So, your hair can be always radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Even more amazing, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economical you've ever used—only half a teaspoonful gives you the finest shampoo you've ever had. All chemists and toilet counters.

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The flames spread fast as he desperately tried to force the locked door.

By . .

ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

beside her bed. There was no hope of reaching that.

Suppose she threw something heavy through the window? The chances were a hundred to one that No one would hear the noise of breaking glass or be on hand to see it. Besides, she would still be left locked in with an irate captor.

There was no police force in the village of Red Bridge, and the sheriff, who lived at the other end of the street, was an exceedingly sound sleeper.

She thought of the morning. She saw herself walking down the village street toward the bank, nodding to other early risers just as she always did—only this morning it would be different. This morning she would have a companion.

Young Means would be at the bank before her, unlocking the front door, changing the calendars and the pens. He would say a pleasant good morning, would glance curiously at her companion—or perhaps he wouldn't. Miss Otway had a good many young friends who came to her for help.

That would be the moment to do something heroic—to scream and get shot and save the bank. She thought of Mr. Mullins' icy words: "Doubtless you would perform prodigies of valor." If she did nothing, how he would sneer at her—he and the other men.

It would almost be worth while to be killed in order to prove Mullins in the wrong, but young Means would be killed, too.

No, she knew very well she wouldn't scream; she would go meekly down the stairway leading to the vault, and in a few minutes the robber would clear out the cash and securities and be off in some hidden car before the president had finished his breakfast.

She felt humiliated rather than afraid, for she wanted to be a heroine and she was not without heroic stuff in her; only she wanted to be the kind of heroine who survives to be praised and honored.

Hour after hour her practical mind worked at this problem, and just before dawn she had an idea.

THE village had no police force, but it was proud of its fire fighters. If, Miss Otway thought, she could only contrive to set the house on fire, assistance would eventually come to her. The fire brigade would come shouting and clanging down the street, and what could the robber do but run away? Miss Otway loved her tiny house and many of her possessions, but she was willing to make this sacrifice—to save the bank, to triumph over the villain, and to prove to Jim Mullins that unarmed women could dominate a situation.

It was about five when she said briskly, "Would your High and Mightiness object if I made myself a cup of tea?"

"No. But don't try any tricks."

Miss Otway whisked about the kitchen, keeping always in front of him. She got out the teapot, and as she did this she slid the white shelf paper to the floor, where it lay unobserved on the matting. In one corner was a can of kerosene.

She stooped and took the cover off this can. The young man seemed to see nothing suspicious in this action. She went back to the stove, lighted it, set the kettle to boil, and then, crossing to the can, with a quick gesture she kicked it over and dropped her still-lighted match into the liquid that began to flow across the matting. In an instant the floor was blazing.

"Now, young fellow, open that door if you don't want to be burned to death."

He had sprung to the door almost before she spoke, but the lock, stiff to turn, now remained immovable. And then Miss Otway screamed in earnest. She hadn't thought of being locked in; of burning to death. The flames spread fast.

The young man sprang to the kitchen table and, reaching up with his revolver, broke the narrow window. Then as Miss Otway screamed again, he pulled her up beside him. She looked at the window, and as she looked the table collapsed. They were both down in the flames.

Then she felt herself raised — raised high. She was standing on the young man's hands. He was raising her to the window. She seized the ledge; she wriggled and struggled and was out—out of that horror of flame and smoke.

There were no fire-alarm boxes in Red Bridge, but there was an iron circle to beat upon. Miss Otway ran to it and began beating the alarm, with such effect that presently a window opened and the head of Ben Peters, captain of the fire company, appeared.

"You come down, Ben, and break in my door!" Miss Otway shouted. "There's a man burning to death in my kitchen!"

Ben Peters weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He came running out of his house in his flannel pyjamas, and under Miss Otway's direction hurled his great bulk against the kitchen door, which splintered from its hinges at the first impact. The young man was clinging to the window ledge, with the flames leaping up towards his knees. They dragged him out, and Ben laid him on Miss Otway's bed just as the fire-engine arrived.

The lodge had been well built. When the matting and the curtains had been consumed, the fire was easily extinguished. By this time most of the population was congregated in or about the house, and among them was Doctor Ayres.

Miss Otway took him straight to her bedroom. "I guess he's pretty badly burnt," she said, and left the room.

The doctor sent for his assistant and his office nurse, and all three worked over the tortured figure on Miss Otway's bed.

It was not until the fire-engine had departed that Miss Otway returned to her room, for she was obliged to get the keys of the vault out of her top drawer.

She was startled at seeing two men in masks — white ones this time—Ayres and his assistant. The patient was breathing heavily under an anaesthetic. It seemed impossible that he had ever been a menace—he was so young and white and weak.

Doctor Ayres took off his mask. "Well, Katie," he said, "who is this boy, and what do you want done with him?"

Miss Otway looked down at him. "Is he very bad?" she asked.

"He'll live, but he'll never walk again."

Miss Otway's hand went to her mouth. "Land sakes!" she said. "He saved my life."

"What do you want done with him?" asked the doctor again.

Miss Otway tried to steel her heart. "Well," she said. "I guess he'd be better off in a hospital, wouldn't he?"

"That depends. If he has enough money for a private room, he would, but I wouldn't put a dog in the wards of that infernal pesthouse at Stonehaven."

"Well, I've got to run along to the bank," said Miss Otway. "Let him be for the present."

She hurried away, avoiding the issue. What did she want done with him? How much did the doctor know? What ought she to do? She felt reluctant to turn the young man over to the police. After all, he had saved her life.

At the bank Seth Means was opening the front door, quite unconscious that his own life had recently hung in the balance. "Well, Miss Otway," he said, "I hear you had a big fire at your place last night. I hope . . ."

She did not linger for conversation, but went on past him, answering as she went, "Nothing to worry about—a lick of paint and a new floor in the kitchen."

Seth followed her. "But say, who was that young feller who nearly got burnt to death? Ben Peters said he had a black mask on his face, and——"

Miss Otway cut him short. "What a story to start! Don't you know better than to believe what Ben Peters says? Haven't you ever heard of people tying handkerchiefs over their faces to keep the smoke out?"

Before Seth could question her further, she pattered downstairs to open the vaults—alone and unmenaced. But she knew she had only put off the evil day. As a matter of fact, she was hardly back inside the cage when she received a summons to the office of Mr. Mullins.

He was all solicitude. "I hope you're none the worse for your experiences."

"Not a mite, not a mite."

"I understand you are well insured."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Otway. "I took out insurance the day they made Ben Peters head of the fire company. Now, Jim, we're busy in the cage to-day——"

"Just one moment," said Mr. Mullins. "Who was the mysterious young man who was nearly burnt to death in your kitchen? Ben tells me he had a mask over his face."

"That's just Ben's story, Jim. A mask, indeed! He must have tied a handkerchief over his face to keep the smoke out."

"Ben said it was a black mask."

"Maybe it was—by the time Ben got there." She had never lied before, and she was exhilarated, almost intoxicated, at finding she could do it so well.

"Ben thought he was the man who has been holding up the banks around here—a gangster. Ben said he thought it was a pity he hadn't let him burn."

It was this piece of intolerance that turned the scale. "Let him burn!" cried Miss Otway. "What's the matter with Ben Peters? That's my cousin's son from Vermont."

"I didn't know you had cousins in Vermont, Kate. What's his name?"

"Donald Davis," said Miss Otway. She had realised just an instant before that the young man must have a name.

"Your cousin's son?" repeated Mr. Mullins. "Well, I am delighted to hear that—and relieved. I had doped it out that he was a gangster who wanted you to open the bank for him, and that you had been so clever that you set fire to your house rather than let him rob us, and I was calculating how large a reward we could afford to pay you, Kate. Well, for the sake of the bank I'm glad that I was mistaken."

A shade crossed Miss Otway's face; she was not mercenary, but she would have liked to be a heroine. She gave a shrill laugh. "Oh, no, nothing like that, Jim," she answered. "I just upset a can of kerosene, and my cousin was smoking, and that old door of mine stuck, as it always does. I'd have been burnt to death, I guess, if he hadn't held me up to the window. That's how he got hurt."

"HE held you up to the window? Why, that was the action of a hero."

"Well, I guess none of the Davis' were ever cowards," Miss Otway replied, and went back to the cage.

The exhilaration had passed. She felt disturbed by what she had done. Suppose it came out that she had been lying and harboring a robber, what would the village think of her? She would certainly be obliged to resign from the bank. She was safe as long as her guest remained under the anaesthetic, but when he came out, what might he not confess!

She decided to ask for a three weeks' holiday and go home and stay there.

Arriving at her house, she found the patient still asleep, and Doctor Ayres' surgery nurse in charge and anxious to get away. Miss Otway sent her back to her regular duties and began organising her own life for something she described as "a long spell of sickness." But before she started she made a thorough search for the gun and the mask. They were nowhere to be found, and she could only hope that the young man himself had had the sense to drop them through the boards of the burning floor.

For a week or so nothing happened—except that she and the doctor worked over their patient. Once Miss Otway murmured to him, "Look here, don't you tell anyone who you are."

"Okay, lady," he answered. "That's my long suit." But the rest was silence.

She feared that Doctor Ayres knew or suspected something, but he did not embarrass her with questions.

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CURTSY for a LADY

There must have been magic in the rose-pink frock ... for three girls found their lives transformed by it

Illustrated by FISCHER

Linda looked at herself in the long mirror with wonder and enchantment.

By RONA RANDALL

IT lay alone in Fernand's window, with its billowing skirt, like a rose in bloom, spread out, and its brief bodice, clouded in a mist of petals, thrown casually but deftly upon a dress stand.

Linda saw it from across the road as she walked down Bond Street trying to adjust herself to the change, to the swift transition from being the daughter of a millionaire to being the daughter of a bankrupt.

It had been a strange and interesting experience. If it had not been for the gnawing fear in her heart, which had been there ever since she became engaged to Michael Worthy three months ago and was now suddenly and acutely accentuated, it might have been exciting.

And then she saw the pale rose gown and at once she knew that, like her father, perhaps, she had that desperate gambler's instinct which would stake all upon a last reckless throw.

Linda had never before recognised any affinity between herself and her father. He had always been so big and handsome and debonair, a brilliant wit and a famous host, while she inherited none of his looks, none of his charm, none of his vibrant personality. Linda Forrester had been the plainest debutante of her season, and she had not even a lively wit or a sparkling manner to make up for it.

She made up carefully and discreetly. She employed Fernand to dress her at a fee which filled Janice Everard, her father's secretary, with violent socialistic emotions. And Fernand did his best. No other dress designer in London or Paris could have done better. He planned original, startling ensembles in an endeavor to raise Linda from the dull, ordinary ranks to the original and daring—but, somehow, on Linda the clothes lost much of their originality.

Not even the society photographer's skill could make Linda beautiful. Not even the flattery of the gossip-writers could hide from a curious public the fact that Michael Worthy was obviously marrying her for her money.

Nor could the fact be hidden from Linda herself. At twenty-seven she had become resigned to being the debutante who failed. All the others of her year (she was nineteen then) had made successful marriages, had had brilliant weddings, and had presented their husbands with sons and heirs. Linda became godmother to quite a number of them. She was ideal for the role of godmother, because she had so much money and it seemed unlikely that she would ever have any children of her own to spend it on.

Until the fantastic happened. Michael Worthy asked her to be his wife.

Linda had had proposals before, of course. No woman who had her income, no matter how plain she might be, could possibly avoid pursuit. The trouble was that Linda suspected their needs, so she never cherished any illusions about the power of her own charm. Not until Michael Worthy came along.

Michael's family, too, was old. He, too, was heir to an historic country mansion, a shooting box in Scotland and a house in Westminster. But no one quite knew his financial state. Not even the astute Roger Forrester could trace any flaw, any dire need, so he could only put it down to genuine attraction to his daughter. Which seemed incredible. Roger Forrester, with the rest of the world, had never considered his daughter a beautiful woman.

Of course, his wealth did not equal the Forresters', but even without the additional asset of Linda's money the man appeared to be financially secure. He was thirty-five and handsome. Beside him Linda looked even smaller and plainer than ever.

People would flock to see Michael Worthy married, to see the girl who had managed to win England's most eligible bachelor. And they would see a plain, diminutive little thing, valiantly trying to look beautiful in Fernand's exquisite wedding gown.

But she would be remembering another day—a bright autumn day—when she had first fallen in love with Michael. They had been joking about that wedding cake a friend had sent him, and he'd said: "Here, you take it, put it under your pillow and then you dream about the man you're going to marry." She'd gazed into the little decorated silver box and tears had sprung into her eyes, for she knew then that she'd never dream of any other man but Michael—and it had all seemed so hopelessly impossible.

It took courage, when you were as ordinary as Linda, to marry a man like Michael Worthy. It took courage to face curious comments and insufferable pity which you knew all your friends and acquaintances were indulging in. But when you loved a man as passionately as Linda loved Michael, you faced even the nagging fear, the aching doubt, in your own heart.

Because Michael never told Linda that he loved her. He had kissed her and asked her to marry him, but he didn't say he loved her. He was a good companion, a loyal friend, he treated her with unfailing attention, but never once did he say what Linda most wanted to hear.

It was significant that when Linda discovered her father, an unfamiliar, shaken edition of Roger Forrester, seated in his study with a glass of brandy in his trembling hand, and heard from his own lips the tragic, unbelievable story of his ruin, her first thought was: "And now I shall know . . ." Mingled with her horror and her fear was a curious, dominating relief. "Now I shall know," she thought, "why Michael wanted to marry me."

Already she put it in the past tense, for the fear which had gnawed at her heart these past months became intensified, confirming the suspicion which had always lurked there, the almost unendurable suspicion that Michael's motive was the same as all the rest.

Well, she would know soon enough. And the thought brought its own relief. At least, now, she would be spared a lifetime of doubt and wonder, a lifetime of aching love made even more poignant by her own fear. At least, now, she would be spared the pity and significant comments and her own torturing doubts.

But meanwhile she would behave as though nothing had happened. She would attend the Red Cross Ball to-night with Michael as though everything was the same. No one should see, no one should suspect that to-morrow would be the end of everything. The end of the famous Forrester hospitality, the end of their reign in society, the end of Fernand's valiant endeavors, the hairdresser's skill, the gossip-writer's flatter—

The end of her romance with Michael Worthy.

In one respect, she would be glad to retire into obscurity. She would be glad to relax, glad that she need no longer pretend, glad that she need not hide from them the fact that she was the unhappiest girl in London. When the parting with Michael was over she would, at least, be herself, free of the awful business of being in the public eye and being totally unequipped to be there.

She might even get work of some kind, though she was totally untrained, totally unskilled. Still, she could do A.R.P. work, or join one of the Women's Voluntary Services.

She planned to wear her black frock that night, until she saw the pale rose gown in Fernand's window. Michael had once remarked of the black: "You look nice in that. I like it." The funny thing was that it was one she had chosen herself, against Fernand's advice. "M'm'selle eees not the type!" the Frenchman had wailed, and promptly, with an unaccustomed defiance, Linda had bought it.

And then she saw the rose gown and as soon as she saw it she knew that it was the gown for her, that she had wanted a gown like that all her life.

It was like a flower in its simplicity, and it was most certainly designed for someone the very antithesis of herself. For someone sweet and lovely to look upon. She certainly could not afford this gown and it was folly, now, even to contemplate buying it. Of what use would it be to her after to-night?

To-night. It was her last night with Michael. Wasn't that worth gambling for? Determination seized Linda. Whether she could afford it or not, whether she won or lost, she would wear the rose gown to-night.

Of course, they all thought her mad. Fernand and his assistants and the beautiful, haughty mannequin who displayed the gown. She wore it as a queen would wear a train and with a wave of his hand Fernand bade Linda look and understand. That was the way the gown should be worn and that was the way she, plain little Linda Forrester, could never wear it. But Linda was adamant.

She slipped her narrow shoulders into the tight-fitting bodice. It fitted like a glove. Out of a mist of fragile loveliness her head rose like a young bud upon a slender stalk. She looked at herself in the long mirror. She looked with wonder and enchantment and triumph. She had been right. Behind her she saw reflected the amazed face of the saleswoman, the startled, speechless figure of Fernand. Linda smiled. She had never smiled so before. It was a smile of joy and discovery and hope. She looked like a flower in the unfolding, like the ugly duckling who, overnight, emerges into the beautiful swan.

They were surprised when she insisted upon paying cash instead of having the account sent, as usual, to her father. "They would be surprised even more," she thought ruefully, "if they knew this was the last time I would ever visit them." The whole world would be surprised when the morning papers came out, even a world already used to shocks and upheavals.

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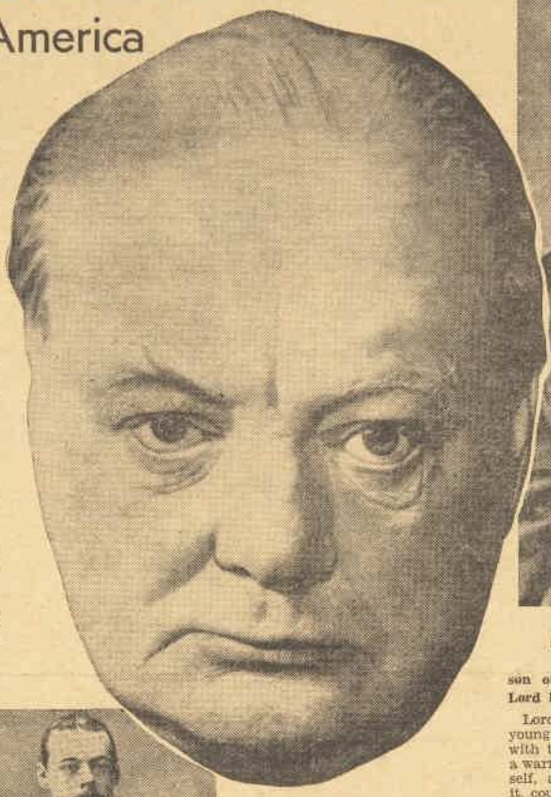
WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS MOTHER . . . .

Romantic link between Britain's Prime Minister and America

When a call for a "Churchill Government" for America was made by Wendell Willkie, U.S. Presidential candidate, recently, Americans began reminding each other that Winston Churchill had an American mother, whom he adored. She was a great beauty, the former Jennie Jerome.

While Great Britain and America draw closer together in the face of common danger, Americans like to credit Churchill's drive and enterprise to his American blood and to trace the influence of a transatlantic inheritance in his character.

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS



CHURCHILL to-day, Britain's war-time leader, whose mother inspired him.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, American beauty who captivated London, with her son, Winston, as a Harrow schoolboy.

CHURCHILL'S mother was a dominating influence in his life and his work.

"She shone for me like the evening star," he wrote, and to her he was "Our boy Winston," a phrase she used continually.

His mother, the celebrated beauty who conquered and ruled London society under the world-famous name of Lady Randolph Churchill, was born Jennie Jerome of Rochester, New York.

She came of a long line of sturdy "upstate" Americans.

Churchill has described his grandfather this way:

"Leonard Jerome was a magnificent-looking man with long flowing moustachios, a rather aquiline nose, and very bright eyes.

"He has good claims to be regarded as the father of the American Turf.

"He formed the Jockey Club and was long its vice-president.

"He owned the famous racehorse, Kentucky, who never knew defeat.

"He was one of the original founders of the Academy of Music in New York, and befriended the singers Jenny Lind and Patti."

There were few big deals in Wall Street of his time that Mr. Jerome did not participate in.

And these activities he managed to conduct, as his famous grandson has done, with no diminution of his interest in the fields of journalism, art, and sport.

Grandfather and grandson, in fact, are amazingly alike. Both were charged from birth with dynamic energy and had a flair for the dramatic.

Both exhibited in their business and professional careers a fine disregard for consistency.

"Father made and remade several fortunes," confessed his adoring daughter. Winston made and remade several reputations.

Both were versatile. Winston Churchill's activities are well known; Leonard Jerome's varied from a co-editorship of the "New York Times" to a controlling interest in the Pacific Mail Line and included the laying of the first enduring transatlantic cable.

How the lovely daughter of so American a family came to marry into one of the ducal houses of old England is the story of Jennie Jerome's swift romantic courtship by Lord Randolph Churchill.

Jennie's mother was a devastatingly beautiful woman.

When illness sent her abroad to a famous physician in Paris, she took her two elder daughters. When recovered, she decided to remain there while Jennie and her sister completed their education.

The decision changed the entire course of Jennie Jerome's life. It may also have changed the course of history, since it meant her meeting and marrying Lord Randolph Churchill and giving birth to the leader of British democracy at war.

The effect on Jennie herself, however, was immediately discernible. Although she had already reached the advanced age of thirteen and considered herself quite the grown woman, the sheltered life she had led in New York had kept her very much a child.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Tory politician, younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, father of Winston.

New York was far from a social backwater, but as compared with Paris at the time of Napoleon III and his Empress, Eugenie, it was a simple, almost primitive spot.

Certainly nothing had ever seemed so wonderful, even in fairy stories or dreams, to the little girl from the States.

The Jerome home became the gathering place of a most distinguished group of Americans and Europeans.

Into this cosmopolitan society Jennie Jerome, in spite of her youth, fitted with the air of having been a part of it all her life.

My mother shone for me like the evening star
—Winston Churchill

That remarkable man Leonard Jerome had served for three years as American consul at Trieste.

Jennie had been young enough at the time to learn Italian as she learned English; she spoke both with equal facility daily until she was six.

With one Latin language so thoroughly mastered, the others came easily and quickly.

By her linguistic ability she was prepared to meet the cosmopolitan world, and by her wit and beauty she conquered it.

In European salons even young girls were expected to be able to discuss the latest developments in politics, literature, and art.

Jennie Jerome was an adept. A great reader, she remembered what she read, and loved to discuss it.

In later years her son Winston—set down as a dull boy who could not be graduated from Harrow and who got into Sandhurst only with the greatest difficulty—suddenly developed this same love of literature, and educated himself in maturity by the reading of everything from Plato to Gibbon. Then he felt the urge of authorship, and is the first literary Prime Minister since Disraeli.

Of Winston's ability as a conversationalist, we have had many examples.

He is not always so obliging about turning it on as his gracious mother was; she combined with her brilliancy such kindliness and high spirits that she was universally popular.

Winston is far less dependable. In fact, anxious hostesses never know whether he will turn up, and, if he turns up at all, whether he'll be scintillating or bored.

In Paris, the Jeromes were drawn gradually into the empress' own glittering circle. The elder sister came out at a Tuileries ball.

Two years later, when it was Jennie's turn to shine, the Germans were marching on Paris—and then the Jeromes, like many another American family in 1914 and in 1940, were forced to seek safety in England.

In England the ever-popular Jeromes had found themselves invited to Cowes on the Isle of Wight for the annual Regatta Week, to which all fashionable Europe flocked.

To Cowes came even Napoleon and Eugenie, and the Royal couple straightway renewed their kindnesses to the American refugees.

Thus sponsored, the Jeromes went over big in the British resort. Jennie became quite the belle of the Royal Yacht Club festivities.

She was invited to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, Edward and Alexandra, and in the Royal retinue met the sensitive, brilliant younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Henry Churchill.

Lord Randolph was a very serious young man, shy and reserved, but with the gift of inspiring in others a warmth of affection which he himself, although he undoubtedly felt it, could not bring himself to show.

His son Winston never ceased to regret his inability to get closer to his father, whom he adored.

The relationship between the two men, Randolph so shy and Winston so ebullient, reveals an almost pathetic disparity.

The older man's health faded fast while his son was just entering manhood.

The contrast between the vivacious Miss Jerome and her young husband-to-be must have been quite as marked.

The young English lord's interest in the Jerome family was immediately obvious.

For a time the observant group at the Royal Yacht Club entertainments was uncertain as to whether that interest focused on the older and blonder sister or the younger and darker one.

Soon, however, in spite of his reserve, he could no longer conceal the fact that the dark one, Jennie, was the object of his affection.

Lord Randolph hated dancing, liked to discuss politics, literature, and art. He was gratified to find that the youthful Miss Jerome, fond of dancing though she was, as he must have seen, loved to do these other things, too.

Within a few months they were man and wife.

Continued on page 13

Haven of Rest

After a day's business or pleasure, you will find perfect rest and relaxation in the quiet seclusion of your room at the Victoria.

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THREE WOMEN win new George Medal for VALOR

OBSERVER on the watch. This member of a volunteer corps of observers is just one of thousands of English women doing difficult and dangerous work now.

FIRST AID rendered by girl ambulance driver.

Rescue work under fire

MARKSMANSHIP practice. English women are ready to share any danger with the fighting men in resisting enemy attack.

Modest heroines of raids

From MARY ST. CLAIRE by Beam Wireless from London

Three women—a typist, a chemist's wife, and the wife of a former colonial official—are among the first recipients of the new civilian award for valor, the George Medal. King George announced the creation of this award and the George Cross last month.

All three say their deeds were just in the day's work.

Risking their lives has become such an everyday matter to England's civilian war workers that these three were amazed that their conduct on their daily task should have been noticed.

THE three of them—Mrs. Dorothy Clarke, Mrs. Bessie Hepburn, and Miss Sonia Straw—carried on rescue work in bombed areas though they had been warned that further explosions endangered their lives.

"I was flabbergasted when I heard I had been awarded the George Medal," said Mrs. Dorothy Clarke.

"I did not think for a minute there was any heroism in what I had done.

"If anyone was entitled to the medal it was Bessie Hepburn, for she was the first to run to the scene of the explosion."

Dark-haired, with laughing brown eyes, Mrs. Dorothy Clarke is the young wife of a retired British official formerly stationed at Burma.

Fresh - complexioned, grey - eyed Mrs. Hepburn is the wife of the local chemist.

"I do not know yet why we got our medals. I thought the first-aider's job was just to go wherever there are wounded. It's what we have been trained for."

"Nothing, really"

NINETEEN - YEAR - OLD Sonia Straw is a solicitor's typist from Caterham.

"I did no more than anyone else would have done," she said. "Several people were badly injured, so I just bandaged them up with whatever I could find.

"Naturally I would not expect a medal for that. It is nothing, really."

I went to interview two of the medal-winners at the seaside village of Aldeburgh.

Before the war it was a fashionable East Coast resort. Now it is right in the front line, and evacuated of practically everybody but those doing work of national importance.

At a modern bungalow I found Mrs. Clarke standing in the garden.

"We can't understand why we have been singled out for the honor," she said.

"I was at the ambulance station standing by for the yellow signal. Warnings are signalled by white, yellow, purple and red lights when raiders are approaching, red being the actual raid signal.

"The phone rang: 'There has been an explosion. It is believed there are three wounded,' I was told.

"I phoned across the road for Mrs. Hepburn, as I am the driver and she is the first-aider.

"She ran from her kitchen, not even waiting to untie her apron."

"When we reached the scene of the explosion," said Mrs. Hepburn, "we were told one man was dead and others were seriously injured.

"Further explosions were believed imminent, and we were warned not to venture near the wounded, as further help was coming.

"But there were injured men needing attention, and this was what we'd been training for.

"We found only one. He was badly wounded, and we knew he should not be moved, but in view of the possibility of further explosions we decided to take him on a stretcher to hospital.

"Then we went back to try to find others."

These women have since the outbreak of war been practising first aid, fire fighting, and A.R.P. duties.

Indeed, Mrs. Hepburn's husband said he was tired of being bandaged and put in splints twice a week.

When the village was evacuated the civilian defence services were depleted, but both volunteered to stay on. They are now not only ambulance workers, but air-raid wardens and fire fighters as well.

Mrs. Hepburn's medal was so unexpected that it had to be explained to her just what the George Medal was.

Her real pride is in having been able to attend to a badly-wounded man without fainting. It has been her secret fear that she would never be able to stand up to it.

"I'd like to see the King," she added, "but I'm terrified about going to Buckingham Palace. I wish the medal could be sent in care of the Mayor here, as I know him."

Sitting at her desk, Sonia Straw said: "I used to think I'd be scared at the sight of blood, but I found those feelings left me when I saw people in pain and distress.

"Three soldiers brought water and bandages for me and I tended the injured, mainly women and children. Then someone telephoned to say he couldn't trace his mother, who had been in a block of flats that had been bombed.

"Other A.R.P. workers thought we should not go back in the darkness, but I kept on thinking of the old lady and with another warden I searched for her till midnight.

"When we found her she was dead under a bed."

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Don't Ask Questions

"You should decide not to leave the ship!" Twice Leonard receives this strange warning

SERIAL

STARTLING events have occurred since the young scientist, DR. LEONARD BIRCH, embarked on the cruise ship, Erlkonig, with his wife WINIFRED. Though Leonard is on a purely scientific expedition to the Republic of Chica in South America, MR. AWARA, a Japanese, obviously suspects his mission to be political, while the presence on board of ADOLPH WAGNER, whom Leonard recognises as a former member of the German secret police, and of ODIN TWEEDSBURY, a British Army man on leave, seems to hold a sinister significance.

On the first morning at sea the bathroom grating slips, almost precipitating Leonard into scalding water; and later, when MISS BAILEY, one of the cruise hostesses, has coaxed him to pose for a photograph on deck, a sailor drops a heavy bucket of nails and bolts from a mast, missing him by inches.

Pondering over the whole affair alone, in one of the lounges later, Leonard decides that these apparent accidents were deliberate attempts on his life, and that more than one person was involved in them.

Now read on.

Illustrated by WEP

Miss Bailey stepped away quickly, but Leonard caught her wrist and held it.

THAT last episode, by the mast, for instance—there was a bit of drama which required a number of actors. The man working on the derrick was one of them. There was a possibility that the photographer was another. There was certainty about Miss Bailey, the ash-blonde girl. She had deliberately led him beneath the mast, had placed him there and left him.

The whole episode pointed to a careful plan, and it was safe to assume, unless someone disproved it, that none of the actors in the scene had made that plan. They were like privates, obeying implicitly the orders of a commissioned officer—Germans on a German boat.

"I believe," he was thinking, "that lets Awara out."

Leonard stared intently at the glowing end of his cigarette. He no longer had much doubt that it was Mr. Wagner who wanted to kill him, and he could even arrive at part of a reason. He had recognised Mr. Wagner as a police agent in Berlin and Mr. Wagner knew it. Yet this in itself did not seem sufficient explanation.

"He must think I know something," Leonard concluded, "but what does he think I know? He certainly does not want me to get to Chica."

He looked up because something had disappeared from the background of his thoughts. The music had stopped and the members of the orchestra were putting their instruments back into their cases. He was watching the cellist mop his forehead when he saw three people at the far end of the great room entering through the door which led out to the promenade deck. He knew the first by the blonde hair, the yellow jacket and the light, swift way she walked. It was Miss Bailey, and beside her was the ship's photographer.

He could see that they were talking earnestly, so absorbed in their conversation that he was very sure that they did not notice Mr. Awara walking just behind them. They were coming towards him, along the aisle between the chairs and palm trees. Leonard found himself sitting up straighter. Mr. Awara had stopped and turned on his heel, but Miss Bailey and the photographer continued towards him. They were speaking German. "Not if you love me, little love," the photographer was saying.

They were just passing Leonard Birch and they had not noticed him at all. He had not thought of the ship's photographer as being capable of love, but he had thought of something else, and he stood up.

"Oh, Miss Bailey," he said, "may I speak to you a minute?"

They both seemed startled by his voice. The photographer's heavy lips opened slightly.

"Why, Doctor Birch," Miss Bailey said, and stopped.

LEONARD smiled at the photographer. "I'd like to see that last picture you took," he said. "I suppose you took it." It was simply the sight of the man which had put the idea in his mind, and now the idea seemed a good one. The expression in the man's eyes had changed. For just a minute they were sharp and narrow. And then he shook his head.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I took no picture. The accident made me forget myself. I must be going to my shop now. If you will be gracious enough to pose again this afternoon?" He bowed and hurried away. And Miss Bailey turned impulsively towards Leonard.

"I can't tell you how I felt," she began, "when I saw——"

Leonard tapped a cigarette gently on his thumbnail and finished the sentence. "When you saw he did not get me?"

He saw her back stiffen and her chin go up, but at the same time she smiled a bright, disarming smile. "That's such a senseless thing to say, Doctor Birch," she said.

"I know," Leonard admitted. "The whole thing is unique to me. Perhaps it is to you. Sit down here beside me, won't you? Sit down, my dear, and tell me why you tried to kill me."

She stepped away from him quickly, still smiling, but he caught her wrist and held it very tight. "No," he said, "don't go. Sit down. Don't you think I have a right to ask why you tried to kill me?"

She sat down with a little shrug and then she leaned towards him and spoke with a gentle sort of intimacy, as though they were very old friends. "Don't you think you're being rather silly, Doctor Birch?" she asked.

"Yes," Leonard answered, "perhaps I am. Amateurs always look silly when they encounter a professional. I wonder what your Christian name is. Don't you think under the circumstances we might get down to Christian names?"

"Perhaps you're not so ridiculous," she answered. "You can call me Nera if you like."

"Nera," Leonard repeated. "It's like something in a code. Do girls in your set kill people?"

"They want to a great many times," she said. "You'd be surprised."

"I am," Leonard told her, "very much surprised."

She shook her head slowly. "I don't believe that's true," she answered. "But I wish you'd talk about something else. After what I said to you on the boat deck you don't really mean to think——"

"Just what was it you said on the boat deck?" Leonard asked.

She looked reproachful, almost hurt. "I said I liked you. I still like you."

"I remember now," said Leonard. "It was as though you were saying good-bye."

"I wish you'd stop it," she said. "Please. It's amusing for a minute, but not so funny when you go on."

"No," Leonard said, "not so funny. But why did you do it, Nera?"

She started to speak, but he stopped her. "You fixed it. You were in it, Nera."

"I'm awfully sorry you feel this way," she said.

"And I still don't know why you did it," he went on. "The next time you see Mr. Wagner won't you please tell him I don't understand?"

She laughed at him. "And exactly who," she asked, "is Mr. Wagner?"

"That's what I'm wondering," he answered. "Exactly who is Mr. Wagner and exactly what does Mr. Wagner think I am?"

"I know what I think you are," she said. "I think you're more fun than anyone aboard. If you'll buy me a drink before luncheon I'll see that yours has poison in it."

"Thanks," said Leonard. "We'll have a drink. I don't think you'll try it again."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I'm thinking of a way to stop you."

"How?" she asked.

"Don't worry," he answered.

Suddenly she leaned forward and put her hand over his. "If you just wouldn't get off at Santa Rosa," she said. "If you wouldn't get off at Chica. We could have a good time, such a good time."

"Is that a threat," Leonard asked her, "or a promise?"

"Either way," she answered. "You can take it either way."

In the smoking-room Leonard drank his cocktail and offered her a cigarette. Although the voices of the passengers would probably have drowned out everything he said, they pitched their voices low.

"You must admit," Leonard said, "that I'm in an interesting situation. I sit and wait and wonder whether you are going to try again."

She studied him seriously for a moment before she answered. Her whole expression was intent, but very sympathetic. "It must be difficult," she said, "for anyone with your imagination. What makes you even imagine that what has happened was not just an accident?"

Leonard did not answer her directly. "The disadvantage for you is," he said, "that there are a good many of my countrymen on this ship. If they once get the idea that I have been killed, it might make more trouble than the whole thing is worth. I'd like you to consider that."

She smiled and played with the stem of her cocktail glass. "You'll never make anyone believe such a thing," she said. "Thank you for the drink. Good-bye."

He stood up and bowed, but just before she left him she spoke again. "If you could only promise," she said, "not to go to Chica."

"Why do you want to stop me?" he asked. "We might get somewhere if you could only tell me that."

"Because," she said, "it isn't nice in Chica."

Leonard bowed again and shrugged his shoulders. "That's where I'm getting off," he said.

Then he saw Mr. Tweedsbury coming towards them, florid and handsome. "I hope," Mr. Tweedsbury said, "I'm not intruding." But the ash-blonde hostess was leaving already, and Leonard and Tweedsbury watched her move across the smoking-room and out on deck.

"Nice girl for a happiness cruise," Mr. Tweedsbury said, "what?"

"Yes; charming."

"So well-bred," said Tweedsbury, "cosmopolitan. Where's Winnie?"

Leonard had almost forgotten her. He said she was downstairs resting.

"Nasty thing, this morning," said Tweedsbury. "Glad you took it calmly. You were deuced calm."

"Thanks," Leonard said. "There was nothing else to be."

"It's odd," said Tweedsbury. "I keep having thoughts about you because you are so calm. Odd what Winnie said about the man dropping the bucket on purpose. Nothing to it, was there?"

"What do you think?" Leonard asked.

Please turn to page 36

By J. P. MARQUAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716278

You *can* feel YOUNGER

Youthful feeling does not depend upon the number of years, but upon the state of your body, brain, heart and nerves. You can now quickly feel younger and banish the effects of premature Old Age with WINCARNIS — the famous "No Waiting Tonic". Its wonderful health-bringing benefits have earned over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. It is called the "No Waiting Tonic" because the first glass does you good—lifts you mentally and physically. You regain youthful sparkle, alertness and brightness, vitality and vigour come back — you feel and act younger. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of Vitamins essential to health. It never becomes a habit, and a long course is not necessary! Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, and know how it feels to be well again.

Birth of a Hero

Continued from page 5

THE last day before she went back to work she hitched her chair near her patient's bed: "Young man, it's time you and me had a talk. Maybe you guess I haven't told anyone what you were up to—maybe I should have, but I didn't. You saved my life, and I just couldn't turn you over to the police and a prison hospital. You may as well know that I said you were my cousin from Vermont—Donald Davis, I said your name was. But now I've got to go back to work, and you had better send for your family to take you away."

He remained silent and she asked sharply, "Haven't you got any family?" He shook his head. "Haven't you got any friends?"

"Not to notice."

Miss Otway had never thought of this complication. "Well, then, I guess you've got to go to the State Home."

He smiled faintly and said, "Very well, lady."

She felt very uncomfortable and didn't sleep that night.

Still, she kept repeating to herself, there wasn't anything else to do. I can't keep a thief like that. If he were a decent young man . . . Besides, there was no room in the house. She herself was sleeping on a sofa in her dining-room.

. . . . . .

Miss Otway received an ovation on her return to the bank. Public opinion had been moving—and not in the direction she feared.

Mullins sent for her immediately. "Tell me, Kate," he said, "what are you planning to do with your cousin? Ayres tells me that he can never walk again."

"I'm planning to send him to the State Home," said Miss Otway firmly.

Mr. Mullins looked shocked. "Oh, you can't do that, Kate!" he said. "I know there isn't much room in your house, but the young man crippled himself saving your life. Let me tell you what we have all been thinking."

What the village had been thinking was that they would raise a fund to pension Miss Otway's rescuer. And not the village only; nearby towns joined in the movement. The committee of which Mr. Mullins was chairman felt that they would raise enough to allow her to build an addition to her house. She could invest the remainder in an annuity that would yield a sum sufficient to feed and clothe her guest.

Miss Otway's favorite dream was that she would be able to build an addition; yet she hesitated. Wouldn't it be a fraud to accept that money?

If she had meant to refuse, she should have said so then. The next day it was too late. The village plunged with enthusiasm into the undertaking.

And the next thing that happened was that a broadcasting artist happened to read the Stonehaven Gazette. The following day he rolled into Red Bridge in his car, but to get the facts in the case at first hand.

HE got them—without a dissenting voice—and the following Sunday night his devoted audience was deeply moved by another of his great narratives. "You can imagine what those moments were to this boy—standing in a flaming inferno so that a little lady, still incredibly pretty at fifty, might clamber to safety on his shoulders.

"Well, that's the story—except for a tag line. As I left, I observed to Miss Otway that if we did not raise enough of a fund to keep her and her cousin in luxury for the rest of their lives I should feel ashamed of that unlikely biological accident, the human species."

After this, of course, the money poured in—twenty, thirty, forty thousand dollars—and the final mass meeting at Stonehaven was still ahead.

Spring was coming on now, and every morning before she went to the bank Miss Otway would wheel her patient out to the front yard—the chair was a gift from the great broadcaster—and the whole village would stop one by one to have a word with the hero.

On the night of the mass meeting—of which a bishop was chairman and a state senator the principal speaker—Miss Otway drove to Stonehaven with Doctor Ayres. The state senator was sending a larger and more comfortable car for the hero. Miss Otway still felt nervous with the doctor, feeling that he knew more than she wished him to know; but he said nothing to alarm her. She had resigned her position at the bank, and it was of her resignation that they spoke.

"I suppose you'll miss the bank, Kate," he said. "It was really your child. But now you've got another."

She nodded. "It was Donald made me do it," she said. "He thought it wasn't fair for me to be holding a salaried job with all this money coming in."

The doctor answered gravely that he was sure Donald was a good judge of fairness.

Doctor Ayres had been asked to speak at the meeting and had declined, but toward the end of the evening he consented to say a few words. No one understood them, but then, no one ever understood the doctor. He said that he had been present at a great many births and had seen a fair number of heroes, but that he had never before been present at the birth of a hero and he found it an interesting and instructive experience.

The hero himself was there on the platform in his wheel-chair. When the whole audience rose, as much in tribute to him as to the national anthem, he was observed to weep. Tears? Not unmanly in a hero of nineteen who would never walk again. Presently everyone was crowding about his chair.

The doctor and Miss Otway drove away in silence. She had not been among those who had failed to understand the doctor's speech. She knew perfectly what he meant—knew that the moment for explanation had come.

"Well, Bert," she said, as his small car bounded away from the town hall, "are you going to give me away?"

"I, Kate? Of course not. I am delighted with the results. You get an income and an occupation, he gets a good home, and I get a neat black revolver."

"Oh, so it was you who took the gun!"

"And the mask—though I doubt if I'll ever use it. I thought that was what you wanted me to do."

"I suppose you think I'm a wicked old woman."

"On the contrary, I think you're a genius. You have done what prison associations and charitable institutions have been trying to do for years—you have really reformed a criminal; and you have done it by the only method, probably, by which it can be done. You have made him believe that he is actually made of heroic stuff, as perhaps he is."

Miss Otway said: "Do you think I'm going to be murdered in my bed some fine night?"

"Murdered? Of course not! The young man worships you. Didn't you know that? Your trouble is going to be very different. You are going to have a hard time living up to the high moral standard he will set for you. I shall be disappointed if some day he doesn't reproach you for having stooped to tell a lie in order to save him from the police."

"How do you mean, he worships me?"

The doctor laughed. "Do you want me to tell you what he really said?"

Of course she wanted him to tell her. All her life everyone had taken her kind deeds as a matter of course, hardly saying thank you. All her life she had been starved for praise.

"What did he say?"

"He said that he never thought such an old maid could be so full of life."

Miss Otway's face broke into the sweet, irrepressible smile of a young girl. It was exactly what she needed. Her whole ego blossomed. "An old maid!" she said. "Land sakes, what a way to talk!"

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, October 16.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Viennese Waltzes.

THURSDAY, October 17.—June Marsden — Vocational Guide for Children.

FRIDAY, October 18. — Patricia Morison. Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, October 19.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, October 20.—June Marsden, Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for Business Folk. Special Series: Reviewing Amazing Prophecies.

MONDAY, October 21. — Patricia Morison. Stories Behind the Ballets . . . "The Firebird."

TUESDAY, October 22. — June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

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HE PROVED MORE DARING THAN THE REST AND ALWAYS WENT MUCH HIGHER

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Wartime studies of THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

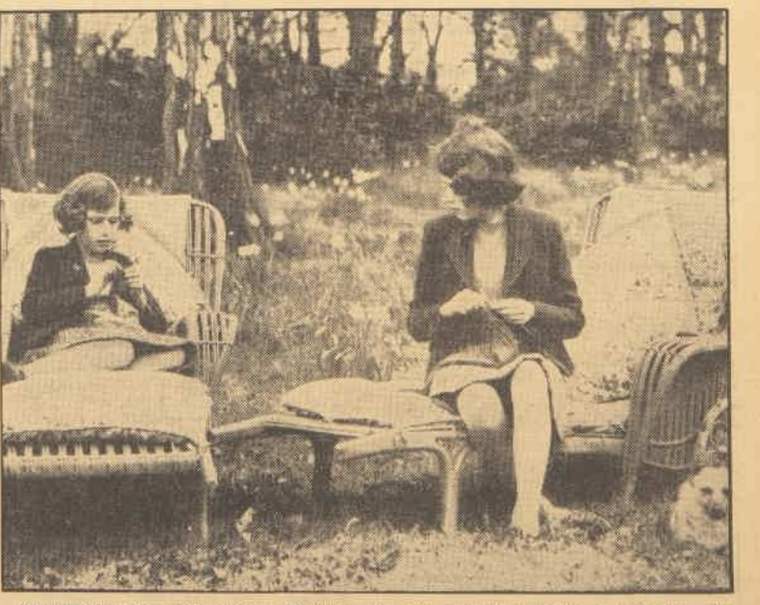
THE King and Queen have set a wonderful example of pluck and devotion to duty while Hitler's bombs fall on England. Their children are safe in the country and Their Majesties are heartened by the happy pictures of their children sent to Buckingham Palace indicating all is well with them.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, 14-year-old heir to the throne, writes home from one of England's safety areas in the country.

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, who was 10 on August 21, likes to paint. The Princesses recently sang and danced at a charity concert arranged by East End children in a country village.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE with their favorite dog. Their concern for the wartime safety of their pets was expressed when Margaret Rose asked during A.R.P. tests: "Can't George have a gas-mask the same as us?" George is her pony.

LAUNCH TRIP on the Thames was a break from lessons enjoyed by the Princesses recently. With them is Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Broke.



KNITTING socks for soldiers. Though war has disrupted Royal family life, the training of the Princesses for future tasks goes on in temporary schoolrooms.

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If you have the sore throat, prevalent at the present time, make a gargle of 3 BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS in a half glass of water. They disintegrate immediately, each tiny particle soothing the threat membranes and giving quick relief.

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★ Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frozol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frozol-Ice for 1/6.***

Secret Agent Unawares

Continued from page 3

LANCE RIKER had departed and another man now sat with the Stacy girl and talked swiftly over the cocktails which stood before them. The knowledge that the change had occurred without her observing it angered Polly. She turned away and took up the thread of her conversation with Franklin.

"Brazilians seem so friendly," she continued lamely. "I've found perfect courtesy everywhere. I've even paid for things by holding out a handful of money and letting them take what was necessary."

The man nodded. His eyes flickered from Polly to the other table, then back again.

"They're good folks—like us Americans in more ways than they'd admit themselves. They've got a sense of humor and they can laugh just as readily when the joke's on themselves as when someone else is the victim. Dictators of the European type won't get very far with a laughing people. That may not be sound politics, but it's fairly good sense. I've been here ten years."

"You speak the language, then?"

"Oh, yes—along with a few others."

"I wish I could. People speak to me in the shops and I'm helpless. I'm green with envy when I hear another American speaking Portuguese as readily as—as that girl over there." She moved her teacup in the slightest of gestures toward the next table.

Franklin's eyes did not move. "You don't like her, do you?" he asked bluntly.

Polly blinked in amazement. "How——"

"Some things are more or less obvious."

"Well, since you put it that way, I don't. I couldn't tell you why, but I just don't."

"Well, take the advice of an old poker-player, Polly Meredith, and always back your hunches. In the long run you'll win. Now, if it's any help to you, the lady you envy is not speaking Portuguese. It's Spanish, and Mexican border Spanish at that. The man with her calls himself a Canadian—Nelson's his name. He's been down here six weeks with apparently nothing to do but buy drinks for anyone he meets and lose money gambling with Brazilian officers and government employees. He speaks English as well as she does."

Polly buttered a scone. "I think she's playing some sort of game. What is it?"

The engineer touched his iron-grey hair.

"I'm too old—entirely too old—for development work, my dear. The answer is that I don't know and am quite willing to let younger investigators do the finding out."

He grinned amiably. Polly strained her ears in a vain attempt to glean something intelligible from the swift speech of Edna Stacy and her companion.

"I think she knows I don't like her. At Recife she tried awfully hard to be friendly and I was pretty short with her. She knows I'm sitting here, of course, and maybe she's talking Spanish just to show off."

Franklin lit a cigarette and shifted his chair. "Maybe," he said at last. "All she's telling him is that she has a dinner engagement at nine, but she will see him about midnight at the ball at Empalme Casino and—" He flashed his quick smile—"This is scarcely gentlemanly, is it?"

"Go on please. What—"

"That's about all—I'm afraid I missed something. Either she's going to give him something when she meets him or expects to get something from him. I thought she said something about ten contos de reis—that's five hundred dollars—but she must have been speaking of the ten milreis tip he's giving the waiter."

THE G-BAT mission occupied one wing of the sixth floor of the hotel. In the corridor, not five minutes after she had left Franklin, Polly met Jim Vancamp and the interpreter, Joao Pereira. She smiled and spoke, but the party leader's scowl did not relax and he merely nodded absently. Polly walked on to the small suite she shared with Nellie Grandin. Vancamp's secretary and—with the exception of Joan Vancamp—the only other woman in the party. Nellie lay across her bed, sobbing.

"He had no right to talk to me like that," she sniffed. "I wasn't away from my desk all the afternoon and when I left I locked the door and I know that nobody even went near his old files."

"What happened?"

"Nothing happened—that's what I'm trying to tell you. Mr. Van came in just a few minutes ago and went to the files and then he hollered at me and wanted to know who's taken the blueprints and performance charts of the RF-8. They were gone—and I could tell he was worried but that didn't give him the right to talk the way he did."

"Of course it didn't." Polly was surprised by the calmness of her own voice. "But was anybody at all in the office? Try to think, Nell."

"The only stranger who came in all the afternoon was a man—an American — who wanted to know when Mr. Van would be in. He didn't even pass my desk."

"Did he leave his name?"

"No, he just said he'd call in the morning. I'd never seen him before. He was just an ordinary looking man with blue eyes."

Polly groaned, then caught her breath. Nellie's description would have fitted half the Americans in Rio—but the man who had sat with Edna Stacy had had blue eyes and brown hair, heavily oiled, which clung to his skull as though painted there. It was no clue, merely coincidence made suspicion by her distrust of the other girl; but where the interests of Great Basin Air Transport were concerned Polly's loyalty was almost savage; the Line—even in her thoughts the word was capitalised—had made her.

Only a few years before she had been a green, timid stewardess, unqualified except for the diploma of a graduate nurse and a fixed determination to break into the huge business of commercial aviation and stay there. Now—and modest, unassuming Polly knew it quite as well as the news photographers and the autograph hunters—she was the foremost pilot of her sex in America, if not the world.

She owed all that to the Line, and now the Line was in difficulties. Jim Vancamp had laughed at her suspicions of the Stacy girl and told her to stop reading melodrama, but Polly clenched her small fists and told herself that Jim was as wrong as any man could possibly be. She didn't know what she'd do about it, but she'd do something!

She dressed slowly, dined at the small table reserved for her and Nellie Grandin, and had her coffee on the terrace. Franklin, the American engineer, joined her there.

"How goes the poker game?" He smiled. "Still playing your hunches?"

Polly hesitated. It was inconceivable that Franklin should have learned of the missing papers. "I can't say I'm playing them—but I've still got them, or it."

"Play it, then, back it with every chip you've got and dare the other player to call you. You may be bluffing, but he doesn't know it. Bet 'em to the ceiling and the roof and the blue sky above, and keep your teeth shut on both your winnings and your losings!"

He stirred a prodigious quantity of sugar into the tiny cup and sipped the rich mixture. The orchestra broke into the gay strains of "Jardineira," the year's song for Carnaval. The Cariocas on the terrace sang with the violins and cello. Some danced, singing, but Polly Meredith did not see them.

A curtain had opened before her and she looked, briefly, into another world, where overworked men of her own race sweated in tropical jungles and amid strange peoples and—stripped to the shirts which stuck to their bodies—gambled for stakes they could not afford and forgot their hunger for iced drinks and the sight of white-skinned women.

She was in Rio de Janeiro, a city as metropolitan as New York, but four hours in the twin-motored transport would carry her over jungles that few men had seen, over rivers unnamed save by the Indians who lived on their banks. Here and there, men like the sallow, hard-bitten Franklin had broken paths through the jungles to mines in unknown mountains, weeks by canoe or on muleback from even an approximation of civilisation. It was these men who would be aided first by the G-BAT lines.

They would have ice for their drinks, and papers to read, and letters within a few days of mailing in the places they called home. G-BAT would help them, and she, Polly Meredith, would help G-BAT.

She pushed back her chair. "Thanks," she said. "Thanks so much."

At the porter's desk she learned that the Senorita Stacy occupied a fifth-floor room. In her own suite Polly removed her dress and slipped on a silk dressing-gown. The hall was empty and she walked downstairs and rapped lightly at Edna Stacy's door. The latch clicked and the other girl, also in a dressing-gown, stood in the opening. Polly gave her no chance to speak.

"Let me in, quick, and close the door. I was so afraid someone might see me."

"What——"

"I hurried down here just as soon as I heard about it. After all, we're both Americans and we're in a foreign country."

Her voice, she hoped, held the correct note of nervous anxiety. The other girl spoke coolly: "I really don't understand, Miss Meredith. What's the matter?"

Polly shoved all her chips to the middle of the table. "Matter?" she echoed. "Can't you guess? I couldn't learn if Nelson had been arrested or not, but some of the men he's been gambling with are in gaol and they're looking for Nelson. Vancamp, our chief, is at headquarters now. The police know everything and they're coming to arrest you!"

The girl started involuntarily, then regained her composure. "Just how do you happen to know so much?"

Please turn to page 16

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WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—October is slipping by—ever notice its name, by the way? It was so-called

After an ancient Roman tragedian — after an ancient Greek sacrificial ceremony, originally held on the eighth day of this month—because it was originally the eighth month of the year, the "octo" standing for eight—after Octavianus, later the Emperor Augustus.

2—To which plant family does hemp belong?

Nettle — palm — cereal — flax —cotton.

3—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." So said the poet

Dryden — Milton — Pope — Kipling—Swinburne.

4—Deeply stirring was the epic of the removal of an unexploded bomb from London's historic St. Paul's. Now, Sunday, October 20, will mark the anniversary of the birth of Christopher Wren, who designed the cathedral in the

15th century — 16th — 17th — 18th.

5—Having decided to stock a property with beef cattle, you would choose from the following.

Jerseys — Guernseys — Herefords — Ayrshires.

6—Technically speaking, Great Britain consists of

England and Wales—England and Scotland—England, Scotland and Wales—England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

7—What's a daguerreotype?

A machine for printing newspaper headlines—an early kind of photograph—a simple cinema projector—an apparatus used in making blocks for newspaper publication.

8—Next to diamonds and opals, Australia's most important gemstones are

Emeralds — turquoises — rubies —sapphires — amethysts.

9—The U-boat is the Nazi submarine, and the E-boat their

Troopship — flat-bottomed barge —aircraft carrier — motor torpedo boat—small armed merchant vessel.

10—Now to top off with a spot of classical music.. "The Sunken Cathedral" was composed by

Delibes — Delius — Debussy—MacDowell — Ravel.

Answers on page 16

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WOMEN COOK while Hitler bombs

Feeding London's homeless victims of blitzkrieg

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London

Communal feeding is one London weapon for combating Hitler's blitzkrieg. So women of the civilian services are "going to it," as the nightly blitz renders dozens of families homeless and cuts off others from returning to bombed areas.

While the authorities were debating ways and means and appointing this dictator of that and that dictator of this, women of the civilian services jumped into the breach and they're doing the job and doing it superlatively well.

DESPITE HITLER'S BOMBS, London's homeless get three meals a day, thanks to the women's civilian services, who work unceasingly to feed those in need.

MRS. LIONEL NORBURY, wife of a famous Harley Street specialist, daily feeds three to four hundred homeless men, women and children in the basement of a building, the upper floors of which have already been wrecked by bombs.

She gives them three meals daily, and there are only herself and three helpers, one of whom is paid.

Mrs. Norbury belongs to that great unpaid army of volunteers who do everything from re-billeting babies and collecting salvage to running canteens and ambulances—the Women's Voluntary Services, headed by Lady Reading.

When I arrived Mrs. Norbury was garbed in a voluminous apron over a smart suit, dishing out supper in a huge red-tiled kitchen.

Youngsters were running in and out with plates, and, like Oliver Twist, demanding more.

There was an air of easy companionship with a complete absence of anything flavoring of charity or red-tape.

"What would you like for tomorrow's supper?" she was asking a group of young men who had just come in from work.

"Could we have some of that raisin pie again?" several asked.

"All right, but keep your eyes open for some cheap fruit, and we'll have apple pie as well," she answered.

"I know where there's some apples going cheap," volunteered a cheery Cockney youth. "I can get them for you now!"

MOTHER and babe being fed by a voluntary worker.

"That's fine!" replied Mrs. Norbury. "Put your hand in my apron pocket and get the money." Her hands were covered with flour as she was baking at the moment.

To me she said, when the supper rush had died down: "We are at present feeding three hundred who have been bombed out of their homes. The women and even some of the older children give us a hand peeling potatoes, washing dishes, and setting tables, and we manage quite nicely.

"We have girls from a hostel nearby which was bombed the other night, and this communal feeding enables them to go to work.

"Men whose families were bombed from their homes go to work from the shelters, and return here in the evenings for supper.

"We get to know them well, but just when we've made real friends they're re-billeted or evacuated. We rarely have the same people for more than a few days.

"The place really never closes, for we serve breakfast—porridge, tea, bread and butter, marmalade—from 5 a.m. onward; for lunch we have only women and children, for the men and girls are fed at canteens where they work.

"Lunch is usually soup, meat, and pudding; supper consists of shepherd's pie or fish and chips, fruit pie or rice pudding, and tea. We do special cooking for the children—tripe, milk puddings, and so on."

This centre is situated in the West End, where people from the bombed areas are temporarily billeted in empty houses and flats. It is typical of those established underground all round the metropolis.

Already there are sixty operating, some of them Government-established, others run by the Women's Voluntary Services, and provision for two hundred more is being made.

In addition to these, which can provide full meals, London's famous coffee stalls are being pressed into service to meet the immediate needs of the homeless.

They're to be given official status and provided with such protection against raids as is possible. Coffee-stall keepers are issued with tin hats.

In addition to these arrangements there is a whole fleet of mobile kitchens ready to be rushed to any area day and night with hot drinks and light food.

People suffering from shock are brought around with hot tea and something light to eat, which not only gives them stamina but also the psychological reassurance that they are being looked after.

Winston Churchill and his mother

Continued from page 7

THERE seems to be no question about the swiftness of the falling in love on either side, but if one is inclined to read between the lines of Lady Randolph's reminiscences the marrying part was not so swift or so simple.

There were, indeed, signs of a willingness on the Marlboroughs' part to delay, if not impede, the smooth running of true love.

There were, of course, no objections that could be raised on churchly grounds.

Jennie Jerome had neither been married nor divorced.

She had, in her young life, violated none of the canons of the British Court—even Queen Victoria's Court.

Yet there was present, even then, throughout the aristocratic circle, a tendency to look down the nose at any American woman as such.

"In England as on the Continent," wrote Lady Randolph, in recalling those trying days, "the American woman was looked upon as a strange and abnormal creature, with habits and manners somewhat between a Red Indian and a Gaiety girl . . .

"If she talked, dressed and conducted herself as any cultivated woman would, she was usually saluted with the tactful remark, 'I should never have thought you were an American.'"

Altogether, the scene between Lord Randolph and his father, the duke, may be imagined.

Particularly was the duke curious as to Mr. Jerome, the absentee husband and father, for it was quite beyond the ducal mind to conceive favorably of a man so occupied with earning a living as to be unable to roam the world at will.

"Mr. Jerome is a gentleman who is obliged to live in New York and look after his business," explained Randolph.

"Business?"

"Yes," finished the young man weakly. "I don't know what it is."

This common attitude in Europe towards the American male annoyed young Jennie Jerome no end.

"American men," she complained, "were myths, few being idle enough to travel. But they were all supposed to be loud and vulgar as the mothers were unpresentable and the daughters undesirable—unless worth their weight in gold."

It should be said for the Marlboroughs that transatlantic marriage was not the common thing in those days that it later came to be.

Nevertheless, their welcome to the stranger at the family gates must have seemed a bleak affair to the warm-hearted, joyous, very-much-in-love girl still in her teens.

Even Blenheim, the family seat, named after the first duke's greatest victory, overwhelmed her by its very magnificence.

"Looking at the lake, the bridge, the miles of magnificent park studded with old oaks, I found no adequate words to express my admiration," she said, "and when we approached the bridge I felt awed, but my American pride forbade the admission."

Her mother-in-law-to-be, Frances Anne, Duchess of Marlborough, proved to be a masterful woman who "ruled Blenheim and nearly everything in it with a firm hand." The duke insisted, as head of the family, that young Randolph should not marry until that somewhat indefinite time when he could get himself elected to Parliament.

But before long love triumphed over opposition and Jennie became Lady Randolph Churchill.

To be continued

In next week's Australian Women's Weekly the story of Churchill's mother will be concluded. The second instalment tells how she captured London society and helped first her husband and then her son to fame.

GIFT OF REPARTEE

CHURCHILL'S American mother gained a reputation for a type of repartee which, in her day, was as unusual as his is to-day.

The Randolph Churchills were not rich, and to economise they had put up their own carriage for the season and were patronising public cabs, popularly called the Queen's carriages.

As the Churchills were saying good night to the then Prince of Wales (Edward VII), a lackey approached and said in a loud whisper: "The carriage of Lord Randolph Churchill stops the way."

Through the open door the ancient four-wheeler was painfully visible.

"I hope, my lady," said His Royal Highness, "that your conscience is better than your carriage."

But Lady Randolph was equal to the occasion.

"Is it not, sir, the Queen's carriage? How can I have a better?" she countered.

TIRED IN THE MORNINGS?

If a late night makes you late for breakfast,
If two late nights make you long for bed,
If Monday mornings find you shuddering,
And Sundays find you snoring,
If "off-colour", "below par", "under the weather" have crept into your talk,
Suspect constipation.
Even if you are "regular"—*suspect constipation.*
You may be "regular", yet expel incompletely. Poisons are left. Contaminate the blood. Slow you down. Sap your vigour.
For this condition there is a simple prescription. Doctors have been repeating it for years. It is Kruschen Salts. Food fads come and go. Fashions in diet have their day and are forgotten. But Kruschen Salts remain unquestioned. They don't drug you. They don't scour you. There is nothing secret about them. The analysis is on every bottle. And doctors recognise this analysis as a basic prescription for a basic disorder.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 19, 1940.

THE KING'S NEW MEDAL

ON another page of this issue is told the story of three brave English women, the first to be awarded the George Medal for civilian gallantry in the war.

It is a coincidence that on the day The Australian Women's Weekly, in expressing an Empire-wide viewpoint, pointed out there should be some distinctive award for women in this war the cables announced the creation by the King of the civilian V.C., the George Cross, and the George Medal.

Soon after this came news of the first awards to women.

The King in recognising the bravery of these women does more than present medals. He appreciates women's part in total war; he gives them a place among his soldiers striving for victory.

He sets the seal on the new status of women and emphasises that in the battle for freedom where there is a man there is a woman by his side.

What a magnificent answer to Hitler's plan for creating panic among civilians. Instead of the anguish and disorder the Fuehrer hoped for, the King of England strikes a new medal for the bravery of its women.

Here is a lesson in pluck and morale that the whole world will applaud. The women of England have indicated that despite bombs and blitzkriegs they are standing firm. They are not passive in the fight, but winning medals for heroic acts that match the valor of their front-line soldiers.

Men need not be afraid that the women so distinguished will not wear their honors modestly.

Mrs. Hepburn, one of the decorated, spoke for all the heroic women of England and the Empire when she said:

"I don't know why I got a medal. It's the first-aiders' job to go where there are wounded—that's what we're trained for." —THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Leading Aircraftsman R. J. Adams, with the R.A.A.F. in England, to his mother, Mrs. R. Adams, 36 Webb Street, Caulfield, Vic.:

"IT has been work, work, and still more work, but we can take it.

"It is often awkward to write—by the time we knock off, clean up and have tea, air raids are the usual thing before dark, and after that it is impossible to write as we have only very dim blue lights.

"I usually go to bed to get some sleep before the air raids start again, about 11 p.m.

"I have to go up to operational room whenever there is a raid, as it is my job to see that the line of communication is not cut off.

"I always leave overall, tin hat, etc., ready so that I can jump into them, grab a push bike, and tear up to my post.

"I have it cut pretty fine now—out of bed, dress and half a mile up the road in less than two minutes.

"You remember me telling you about our new mess that was being built? Well, it is not there now—only twisted steel and concrete remain. Jerry would spoil it."

❖ ❖ ❖

Private W. Hood, in England, to his three-year-old son, Robert, in Redfern, N.S.W.:

"WELL, Bobbo, still Dad's boy? Have you been a good boy for Mummy today? Mummy's got to give you a penny for ice-cream.

"Daddy's on a great big boat, playing soldiers. I wish you were here too. I went for a swim this morning in a great big bath.

"Look after Mummy for me, Bob. If she cries, smack her hard. Be a good boy for me, and Father Christmas might bring a big motor car for you."

❖ ❖ ❖

A gunner on an oil-tanker in an English port to his mother in Albert Park, Vic.:

"THE hospitality shown towards us here is wonderful.

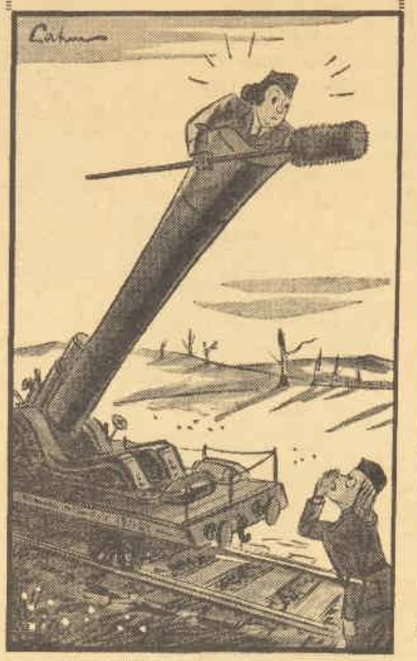
"What makes us so prominent is that the English Navy wear black hats this time of the year and, of course, ours are white, with the letters H.M.A.S. on. People keep asking us where we come from and what the letters stand for.

"We are in a town in Cornwall, where Cornish pasties are made. As you know how much I like them there is no need to ask how many I have had.

"We went to a cafe for a meal, and were given a small pot of tea between two of us, three pieces of loaf sugar and four pieces of bread already spread with butter and margarine.

"We got over this shortage by bringing a paper bag full of sugar and some butter from the ship to keep at the cafe for future use."

Winnie the war winner



"Hang on! We're going to shoot you out!"

Able-Seaman Claude Gettens to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gettens, of Yagoona, Bankstown, N.S.W.:

"FOR three days and nights now they have been having a go at us, but never got any hits in.

"Pennies from heaven weren't in the race when those bombs started dropping.

"I was in a small boat on our way to pick up survivors when planes came over and dropped two salvos of bombs.

"Our ship steamed away to get out of it and left us roaming around the ocean for a time. I really thought that it was the end that day.

"Now that Mussolini has come in against us there will be no more ice-cream but plenty of U-boats for us to put down."

❖ ❖ ❖

A private in Palestine to a relative in Coorow, W.A.:

"HALF A DOZEN of my mates and myself hired a car for the day and went on a sightseeing trip around Jerusalem.

"We went to the 'Wailing Wall' and our driver told us a bit about it.

"It is part of the old temple wall, and the tower part dates from the time of Herod.

"The Jews assemble here on Friday evenings to lament over the destruction of the temple and to pray for the return of their kingdom.

"After a recent dispute between Arabs and Jews about this place it was decided that the right of property belongs to the Arabs, the right of use for prayer to the Jews."

A Victorian officer to his wife in Brunswick, Vic.:

"YESTERDAY the A.I.F. had a day at the races, and what a day!

"The course was a home-made one, the railings around the track being water-pipes, and the track itself about 20 to 25 yards wide, and dusty when the horses moved along it.

"In all but two of the races the jockeys were Arabs. The Arabs rode bareback with their baggy pants on and colored tunics. Some had caps on and some didn't, and half of them rode onto the course smoking.

"The Arab jockey rides bareback, his legs down as far as they will go, sitting almost upright, but leaning slightly forward, both hands, one holding the whip, stretched up above his head.

"The crowd itself was very interesting, and included Tommy soldiers and Air Force men as well as the A.I.F.

"The Arabs arrived on foot, donkey, horse and camel. Those on the camels were the best off, as, by climbing onto the backs of their mounts, they had a grandstand view of the whole affair."

❖ ❖ ❖

Leading Telegraphist J. E. Mann, to his aunt, Mrs. E. M. Foote, Magill, S.A.:

"THE worst of the tropics is that one is always washing and ironing to keep immaculate—we do our own, of course.

"All the fruits here are strange, except pineapples. We bought some 'tam tams' from the natives. They are like overgrown strawberries with whiskers on. You break this outer skin and inside is a white globe. It tastes like an acid drop and quenches your thirst.

"We went for an hour's drive round the city the other evening. Little nigs jumped on and gave us hibiscus and frangipanni blooms for pennies. We looked like Queens of the May before we had gone far!"

❖ ❖ ❖

A draughtsman in Palestine to his family in Cheltenham, Vic.:

"MY pal and I went to Tel Aviv last Sunday on one-day leave.

"It was a very marked change from where we are staying, right among the Arabs.

"It was great to be among white civilians again, even if I didn't know any more than a dozen words of their language.

"The majority of the women in Tel Aviv go around in shorts, play suits and slacks. Can you imagine mother going around shopping in a play suit?

"The average working dress for men is shorts."

❖ ❖ ❖

A West Australian in Palestine to his girl-friend in Dardanup, W.A.:

"WE were kicking a football around, watched by a number of Arabs, who crowded too close to the players.

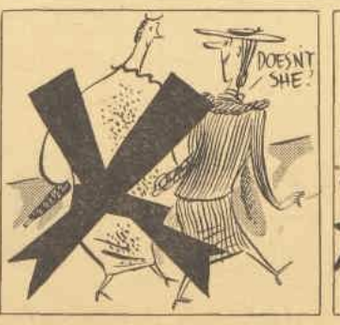
"One of the soldiers turned to one Arab and said, 'Im-sbee' (in other words, 'Scram').

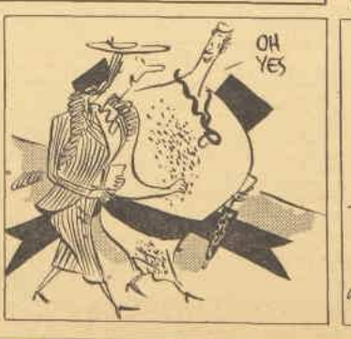
"The Arab turned and said in dignified English:

"'We were just about to depart—we were merely watching the men play football.'

"When the Arab spoke like that, all the wind was knocked out of the soldier's sails."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY .... *By WEP*





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Goldifish and the Three Vultures—*a Fairy Story*

L. W. Lower always demands "atmosphere" for his writings. Here he is shown in his study at work on this story.

Why Basil D. Marmaduke Jones fell out with his uncle

There once was a black dwarf called Basil D. Marmaduke Jones, who used to keep three vultures in his bathroom. (I forgot to warn you that this is a fairy story.)

He kept the three vultures in his bathroom in an effort to reduce the number of goldfish which infested the wash-basin.

IF any officious naturalist wants to rush in with a denial that vultures eat goldfish, I would like to say that these were a different kind of vulture.

As time went on the goldfish developed a combative nature and started grabbing the vultures by the throats and holding them down in the wash-basin until they drowned.

Basil D. Marmaduke Jones was torn between his devotion to his vultures and his interest in the goldfish.

His uncle, Aubrey Montmerency Jones, viewed the whole business with disfavor. He said that if young Jones insisted on being fish-minded why didn't he follow the precedent set by the British Houses of Parliament, where they have a Keeper of the Seals and a Lord Privy Seal?

You can imagine how this annoyed young Jones. He wanted to know how he was going to keep seals in his wash-basin and generally kicked up such a row that his uncle said that he would never darken Basil's door again. His aunt also said, "Don't talk to the boy like that!" You know how things start.

Anyway, just as Aubrey Jones got to the door, Basil said, "Stop!"

His uncle paused in the doorway with one foot in the air. "Take this spell off me!" he roared. "Making a man look ridiculous in front of everybody in the street!"

"Oh, all right," said Basil, who was a good-natured chap at heart. Then suddenly he turned pale.

(I thought you said he was black? Well, he turned a pale black. Anyhow, if it comes to that, who's writing this blinkin' story?)

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, "I do believe I've forgotten the magic words!"

"What!" screamed his uncle. "Have I got to be stuck here like this for life?"

"Seems like it," said Basil. "I suppose I'll have to use the back door now that you're blocking up the front one. Terrible nuisance. I'll be around to feed you after I've fed the goldfish."

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by LAHM

This well-meant remark only enraged the uncle more than ever. "Nice state of affairs!" he roared. "Running second to a goldfish! And I want a shave before I have my lunch!"

By this time a large crowd had collected in the street, blocking the traffic. Two policemen pushed their way through the gathering and one said, "'Ere! Wot's goin' on 'ere?" And the other said, "Wot's all this? Makin' a public nuisance of yourself."

"And disturbing the peace," said the second policeman, getting out his notebook and pencil.

"And resisting arrest," said the first policeman as he tried to shift the immovable Aubrey off the doorstep.

"I'm not resisting arrest, you mugs! I can't move!" yelled Aubrey.

"Language," said the first constable, wetting his pencil. "We'll think of some more on the way to the station. The thing is—how are we going to get him off this here doorstep? He seems to be stuck."

"We'll have to get a couple of crowbars and a lorry and take him away, doorstep and all."

By this time Uncle Aubrey was quite speechless, and could only make queer, gurgling noises, but eventually a breakdown gang levered up the doorstep and Uncle Aubrey was loaded on to the lorry.

Basil followed in a P.D. car. On the way he had a brilliant idea.

"Excuse me," he said to the sergeant next to him, "I have a brilliant idea."

"We've got no use for brilliant ideas in the police force," said the sergeant, gruffly.

"But this is so simple that even the police force might see it. Why not unlace his boots and lift him out of them?"

The sergeant was impressed but didn't intend to show it.

"The best thing you can do," he growled, "is to mind your own business or you'll be getting yourself into trouble. As a matter of fact, I think you're in trouble already."

"What for?" asked Basil.

"Being in possession of goldfish and vultures without a licence."

Basil's cup of sorrow was full, but when they unlaced Uncle Aubrey's boots at the police station and lifted him out of them, he felt much better.

Aubrey was subsequently fined £15 with costs and the boots and the doorstep were forfeited to the Crown.

Basil and Aubrey get on very well together now.

Aubrey seems to have learned his lesson and has become very subdued. He even helps to feed the goldfish.

But he always leaves the house by the window now. He has a horror of doorsteps.

The Wonder Tablet

Take It!

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that *Elasto is not a drug,* but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. *Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.* For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis: gone! I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1332/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Destroy this DISEASE CARRIER

Protect your family from filthy flies. They carry practically every contagious disease. Spray Flit. Flit is sure death to flies, mosquitoes, bugs and other insects because its killing power has been proved unexcelled. Flit spray will not stain.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

They are often worthless—sometimes even dangerous — and frequently waste your money. Flit is sold in 8 and 16 oz. bottles, 32 and 160 oz. tins. Look for the Soldier on the package!

Kill flies with

FLIT

Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd. (Incorp. in Aust.)

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Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound, and ½ ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

Tired, Nervous At Middle Age

WORRIED, HEADACHY, SHAKY

"For a long time I have been very run-down, nervous, and worried," states Mrs. J.T.C., of Muswellbrook, N.S.W. "I had headaches, and any little worry would make me feel so shaky that I had to lie down. I hated anyone speaking to me during these bad turns.

"I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the ill-health middle-aged women frequently experience, and I also found these pills splendid. My nerves are well again, and the headaches and flushes have vanished. I am happier, feel full of energy, always ready for meals, and can now do my own housework again."

At middle age, worry, pains, weariness, dizzy spells and worn-out nerves make life a burden for many people. Users say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove most beneficial and helpful, for these pills always help to revitalise the system with new, rich blood. Gain sound nerves, new strength and vigor now by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—3/- bottle, at chemists and stores.***

Secret Agent Unawares

Continued from page 12

BECAUSE it's our business to know. Do you think this G-BAT trip is just a joy ride? We've been in touch with officials here since before we left the States, and we were warned about this—this business—when we were at Para. If I didn't know what I was talking about would I be here in your room?" She paused for breath, then added suddenly: "Oh, please be sensible. If you won't they'll have you in gaol in an hour and you know you can't expect any help from our Government in a case like this!"

The girl plucked a cigarette from a packet on the table. Two matches broke in her fingers before she obtained a light.

"I can't stay any longer," said Polly. "Mr. Vancamp would ship me back home to-morrow if he knew I'd come here."

A siren wailed as a police motor-cycle wound through the heavy traffic on the Avenida Beira Mar. Edna Stacy flinched as though she had been lashed. "Don't go!" she almost screamed. "Tell me what to do. I can't just sit here and wait."

"Give them to me—those plans, I mean. I'll take them upstairs and see that they get back where they belong. The police will search your room, of course, but if they don't find——"

"Nelson has them. He was to give them to me to-night at the Empalme and I was to take them out of the country to-morrow morning on the Volksang—my passage is booked and my trunks are already aboard."

"Then you're safe!" cried Polly. "Can't you see? Call a taxi and go to the dock now. I'll try to get word to Nelson if he hasn't been arrested already."

"He'll be at the Empalme—dressed as a gaucho—and he'll be looking for me"—she pointed to an elaborate costume on the bed—"I don't trust him——"

"You shouldn't!" Polly was playing the game now with a vengeance. "But if I can get you on the boat and then find him before the police do, you'll be safe."

She took the terrified girl to her own room and, after they had dressed, drove with her to the dock and saw her safely up the gangway of the Volksang. Then, as swiftly as a wild Brazilian taxi-driver could wind through the heavy traffic, she returned to the hotel and donned the Stacy girl's Carnaval costume.

It was blue with gold spangles, and topped with a plumed headdress that rose two feet above her head. The doorman at the Casino Empalme spoke to her in Portuguese, but she shook her head vigorously, adjusted the black mask, and crossed the threshold. It was nearly midnight, the ball had been in progress for more than an hour.

Polly looked for one thing, a man in gaucho costume. He crossed the room behind her and laid his hand on her arm. She turned quickly.

"You're late," he said accusingly.

"Get me out of the crowd," Polly whispered. "There's not much time."

SHE knew she could not maintain the deception created by Edna Stacy's costume, so she lifted her mask as they moved away from the crowd. The man started, then peered closely at her, lowering his own mask.

"You're the G-BAT girl pilot," he said. She nodded, and, to conceal her nervousness, lit a cigarette with an assumed nonchalance.

"What's all this mean? Where's Stacy?" he went on.

"She's on the Volksang. I told her I'd find you. Somebody talked, or was made to talk, late this afternoon. The police were looking for her—and they're looking for you, too, in case you're interested."

"Is this a game?" His voice was unflurried.

"You might wish it was. I smuggled Edna out of the hotel. She told me where to find you—that's why I'm wearing her costume."

The man was silent for a while.

"Edna lost her nerve, that's all," he said at last. "If anybody had talked I'd have heard of it." He spoke carelessly, then admitted a lack of complete assurance by adding, "What am I supposed to do—let you take the stuff to Edna?"

Polly shook her head. "Oh, no. I'm not looking for that much trouble. I'll tell you the same thing I told Edna: that I'd take the stuff and see that it got back where it belongs and that nobody would be the wiser."

"That's no break. There are others besides me in——"

"Of course there are," Polly interrupted. This was indeed playing with unrevealed cards. "But it lets you out and right now that's a good deal to expect."

"And if I tell you nothing doing?"

"That's up to you—entirely." Polly turned her eyes across the lawn, gay with lights above scattered tables and strolling couples in costume. A car halted at the gate, then drove to the casino entrance.

"You might get as far as the gate," she said deliberately, "but no farther—oh, definitely, no farther."

"If I knew how you figured in this," he began hotly, "I——"

"You don't, and you wont." Polly sensed his indecision. "Just remember, though, that I came here myself instead of letting you wait for the police."

The man shifted around slightly and from the pocket of his huge baggy trousers—the "bombachas" of the gaucho—drew a tightly folded package. "There!" he growled. "This is costing me plenty, but it's better than the inside of a fortress. If I find out I've been double-crossed, better watch——"

He broke off the speech and rose. For a moment she felt the impact of steely, merciless eyes, then he slowly strolled away. Polly stuffed the papers into the bodice of her costume, and walked to the casino entrance.

"A taxi, quickly," she demanded.

As soon as she reached her room at the hotel, Polly called Jim Vancamp. "I don't care what time it is! Come to our office right now—it's important!"

She gave Vancamp time to dress, then walked down the corridor to the office at the front of the building. Vancamp, wearing trousers and slippers and his pyjama coat, was waiting for her. To her surprise, Joao Pereira, the mission's Brazilian interpreter, was there, too, impeccable in dress trousers and white mess jacket. Both men blinked at the sudden appearance of the girl in the fancy costume. Polly thrust the packet into Vancamp's hands.

"There they are," she exclaimed dramatically, "and don't try to tell me there's nothing in a woman's intuition, Jim!"

The G-BAT chief turned the package over and over. "What is it, Polly? What's the idea?"

"The papers that were stolen from your files. As soon as I heard of it I knew who had them and I got them back."

Vancamp's expression changed. He had been puzzled, now he was stern.

"Sit down, Polly," he ordered. "Now, just what have you been doing? First, let me tell you that no papers were stolen from our files. Tacks Malone had all that RF-8 information, checking records of flights down here against factory performance tests. It had me worried for a few minutes, and I hopped on Nellie Grandin so hard she forgot Tacks had been in the office, but that was all."

"But"—Polly sank into a chair and stared wide-eyed at the packet—"but what are those? I know he was a spy and so was that Stacy girl and I bluffed him into giving them to me. I thought they were ours!"

"They're not, and I don't know what they are," Vancamp tossed the package to the interpreter. "What do you make of this stuff?"

Pereira tore the wrapper. There were nearly a dozen large sheets of thin tissue which bore drawings of some kind, and as many more, of smaller size, covered with figures and closely-spaced handwriting. The Brazilian spread them all on the nearest desk and turned them one by one. He clicked his tongue sharply against his teeth.

"I do not know where Miss Pollee got these," he said at last in his precise English, "but I can tell you what they are—maps of all the harbors of Brazil, from Belem to Porto Alegre. The smaller ones are maps of the coast defences, with lists of the models and calibres of the guns mounted and of airplane defences—detailed."

The answer is—

1. Because it was originally the eighth month of the year, the "octo" standing for eight.
2. Nettle.
3. Pope.
4. 17th century.
5. Herefords.
6. England, Scotland, and Wales.
7. An early kind of photograph.
8. Sapphires.
9. Motor torpedo boats.
10. Ravel.

Questions on Page 12

"What the —" Vancamp sat down suddenly.

"It is most important," the Brazilian continued imperturbably. "There has been—— Let us say that a grave mistake has been made somewhere and that my country is greatly in your debt, Miss Pollee. Still, it would be very hard to explain. Questions would be asked and there might be men who would not understand. I know of a better way, I think, with your permission."

"Go ahead," said Vancamp feebly.

"You may watch from the window." Pereira left the room and a few minutes later Polly and Vancamp saw him cross the palm-bordered Avenida Beira Mar.

Day was now slowly breaking and the island fortress of Santa Elisabeth was a black silhouette against the ruddy dawn. Fires blazed along the kerbs where sweepers with palm-leaf brooms were collecting confetti and great heaps of colored paper ribbons, the stained and trampled jetsam of Carnaval gaiety. The Brazilian stood by the sea wall for a few minutes, then casually drew the packet of papers from his pocket and tossed them on the nearest fire. The flimsy tissue vanished in a flare of flame; the sweeper did not even turn his head.

"And that, let us hope, is that!" said Vancamp fervently. "Listen, Polly, before we started this trip I promised your father you wouldn't eat any unpeeled fruit or drink any but bottled water, except where we knew the local supply was pure; and I promised Mike Lyford I wouldn't let you marry one of these handsome South Americans with soulful eyes. It's a lot of responsibility for one man, and if you get any more womanly intuitions there'll be a passenger on the next boat home and it won't be me. That's all—and don't try to tell me what happened to-night, I don't want to know!"

Polly nodded soberly. She had not forgotten the expression on Pereira's face as he inspected the harbor charts.

"You might try to get a little sleep now," Vancamp continued. He smiled reluctantly and added: "Assuming, my dear Polly, your conscience will let you sleep!"

From the doorway Polly grinned impishly at her superior. "All right, Jim—and I've had my last fling at international intrigue. You've got to admit it was a grand hunch, though, even if it did backfire!"

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LIPS THAT ARE Lovely TO LIVE WITH

Michel gives lips a soft persuasiveness which, even though they be silent, can sway a man far more than honeyed words. Unforgettable is their subtle fragrance, intoxicating is their touch! Michel is such a faithful helper, too—resisting wind, sun, rain, storm or stress — keeping your lips fresh and enticing for hours longer. Yes—lips that are lovely to live with have the beauty care of Michel. It gives them rapturous color, frees and protects them from chapping, and keeps them supple despite the passing years. Seven glamorous shades — Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.

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vanish permanently when treated with "Vanix," the application of which is simple, painless, and harmless.

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a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co. is not a depilatory—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair tissues, devitalising and finally destroying them completely. "VANIX" is priced at 5/6 a bottle (5/10 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 37 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

NEW FOOT SUPPORT

BRINGS INSTANT RELIEF TO ACHING FEET

Based upon recent X-ray discoveries the "FOOTHELP" brings new hope to sufferers from painful foot troubles. This amazing new invention contains NO METAL PARTS WHATSOEVER. It is moulded to measure, and is as light as a feather.

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"I want a cigar for my husband."
"Fairly strong, Madam?"
"Yes, the last one broke in his pocket."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Let me use the skates now, Nancy, you can do just as well without them!"

"Be quiet! You'll drive me out of my mind."
"That wouldn't be a drive, my dear, that would be a putt."

"John, I hope I didn't see you smiling at that girl."
"I hope you didn't, my dear."

85,000 NEW HAIRS GROWN!

1500 TRIAL TREATMENTS for Men & Women

THE ageing effect of baldness upon one's appearance could not be more strikingly depicted than in these pictures.

WHAT MURCHISON DISCOVERED ABOUT HAIR

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. You have not used the RIGHT method. Hundreds of people who had tried all kinds of "tonics" found their hair falling out in handfuls and were fast going bald. But now their hair is thick and lustrous—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR

THEY never have—because it is impossible while the scalp remains in a choked condition. There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the New Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight, or it won't cost you one penny! **POST COUPON AT ONCE!**

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NOW you can test it yourself — try this famous treatment in your own home—under any conditions you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff or any other hair troubles you suffer from within 30 days, it **COSTS YOU NOTHING!** — not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon **NOW!**

"Hair Growing Like Wildfire"

"I COULD have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. It has completely changed the colour of my hair; it has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go, either."—E. J. Reynolds, M.

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NAME .....
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(Enclose stamp.) 19/10/40.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SHE: Are you getting a commission in the army?
He: No, straight pay cheque.

"WHAT a nice crop of wheat. About ten bags to the acre?"
"No—six bags to the bank and four to the storekeeper."

"WHAT'S happened, George?" asked the wife, as her husband got out of the car to investigate.
"Puncture," he replied testily.
"Well, you should have been more careful," she said. "The road map warned us there was a fork in the road at this point."

"HAVE a cigarette?" said the smart modern miss to the stern lady of uncertain age, politely offering her case.
"Me!" snapped the other. "Why, I'd just as soon kiss the first man who passed!"
"So would I," agreed the girl, "but have one while you're waiting."

"IS your mother in, Jimmy?"
"Of course she's in. Do you think I'd be standing here cleaning windows on a Saturday afternoon if she was out?"

"I HOPE you enjoyed your game with the major," said the hostess to one of her guests. "He's very clever at cards, isn't he?"
"He certainly is," replied the guest. "He started by telling my fortune, and now he's counting it."

KEEP YOUR FEET IN GOOD TRIM

At Work Or Play With Zam-Buk

LOOK how they are swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same, for Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, in winter and summer alike.

First bathe your feet in warm water every night (and morning, if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for healthy feet all the year round.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

"I dreaded putting my shoes on, for the constant foot pain and soreness distressed me so. As my feet got no better I began to despair. Then I read about Zam-Buk and commenced rubbing my feet with this grand ointment every night.

"I got wonderful relief and the corns, bunions and other foot troubles have completely disappeared. Thanks to Zam-Buk I can now walk miles in comfort."
—Mrs. F. E. Ferris.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

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New *Under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. *Distributors:* Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Freckles

Don't Try to Hide these Ugly Spots; Kintho Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all chemists with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.***

PRIVATE VIEWS

● By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer ●

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ PASTOR HALL

(Week's Best Release)

Wilfred Lawson, Sir Seymour Hicks, Nova Pilbeam. (GBD.)

MADE in England with a cast of brilliant British players, this is the most powerful anti-Nazi drama to reach the screen.

It was inspired by the real-life heroism of Pastor Niemoller, the German clergyman whose denunciation of Nazism led to his incarceration in a concentration camp.

The Nazi persecution of individual thought and conscience is the theme of "Pastor Hall."

The film does not spare the brutalities. Some of its scenes are shocking in their realistic savagery; all are taken from documentary evidence.

Grim, telling, unbearably moving, the film tells how "Pastor Hall," benevolent influence over a small contented village, fights against the Nazi forces which turn his people into informers, his daughter into a victim, himself into a martyr. Wilfred Lawson as "Pastor Hall" and Marius Goring as the Storm-Trooper are superb.—Embassy; showing.

★ GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY

Chester Morris, Jane Wyatt. (Republic.)

ICE-BOUND Alaska is the setting for this romantic adventure-drama which gives Chester Morris a more interesting role than usually comes his way.

Chester plays a young doctor who has retreated to Alaska to escape the American police.

Jane Wyatt plays the nurse who assists him in ministering to the Eskimos, Charles Bickford the detective who has tracked him down.

The scenery is grand. In fact, the backgrounds and the incidentals are more interesting than the unexciting story. Eskimos supply homely humor. But the frequent exchange of meaning looks between Bickford and Morris is boring.—Capitol; showing.

★ STREET OF MEMORIES

John McGuire, Lynne Roberts. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

TWO comparative unknowns, John McGuire and dark-eyed Lynne Roberts, play the leads in this drama of a young man who, suffering from loss of memory, is unable to find work.

Background is dreary Skid Row, a poverty-stricken city quarter. Homeless, starving, McGuire meets Miss Roberts in a cheap restaurant where she works as a waitress.

Both young people show sincerity and promise. Guy Kibbee, as kindly old tramp who befriends McGuire, is best of other character players.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

Sidney Howard, Jean Gillie. (British.)

ONCE again England films the popular stage perennial, "Tilly of Bloomsbury," with Sidney Howard in the principal comic role.

Pure farce, this film deals with the situations that arise when Tilly, daughter of a Bloomsbury boarding-house keeper, falls in love with a young man of the upper classes.

Pretty Jean Gillie has the title role, with Michael Denison for the romance, and comedian Howard playing one of the boarders.—Embassy; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel. Liberty, 24th week.

★★★ **Edison the Man.** Spencer Tracy in absorbing biographical drama. St. James, 3rd week.

★★★ **All This and Heaven Too.** Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in moving romantic drama. Transferred to Century, 6th week.

★★ **Convoy.** Clive Brook in exciting naval adventure. State, 5th week.

★★ **The Road to 'Frisco.** Ann Sheridan and George Raft in exciting drama. Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ **Sea Hawk.** Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall in spectacular Elizabethan drama. Regent, 2nd week.

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE
now known to be caused by
BAD KIDNEY ACTION

Few medical discoveries of recent years can have a more far-reaching effect upon the health of the nation than that of an eminent doctor, who found that **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Pains in Back, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages and Getting Up Nights,** etc., were caused by faulty Kidney action, and you'll never be fit and well again until you take the right steps to put your kidneys in order.

Your kidneys have a most important function—they filter and cleanse the blood—working at full pressure day and night—and it is only when the Kidneys get overloaded with poisons, acids and germs which they are unable to eliminate that you suffer as you are today. Take Cystex—the right medicine for your trouble—and you'll soon be as fit and active as before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

YOU MUST GET WELL IF YOU TAKE CYSTEX

Cystex will make and keep your Kidneys and Blood pure, clean and uncontaminated—free them from all toxic acids (including the crystal forming uric acid) which causes aches and pains in joints and muscles, and from accumulations of poisonous waste matters and germs which make you feel despondent and ill.

BETTER IN 24 HOURS

Cystex is a positive speedy and guaranteed remedy for all ailments having an origin in faulty kidney action which causes poor elimination of toxic acids, poisons and waste matters from the system. Within 24 hours after taking the first Cystex tablet you'll feel decidedly better—pain will have ceased or considerably lessened—while in a few days you will feel fine. All this is guaranteed.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these three ways to end your troubles:

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

NOW FEELS A DIFFERENT WOMAN

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Sgd.) *M. L. Zessin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.*

RELIEF AFTER FIRST DOSE

"My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back." (Sgd.) *Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland.*

NOW ABLE TO WALK WITHOUT STICK

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint." (Sgd.) *J. McPherson, Nangeribone Station, N.S.W.*

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist or store today for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs

This is a *GUARANTEED* Remedy **Cystex**

For the **KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM**

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

LAST week Jackie Coogan announced his intention of becoming a flying instructor at a Royal Canadian Air Force Training School.

Coogan, who is now twenty-five years old, has had his pilot's licence for some time.

The actor has not yet succeeded in being accepted.

❖ ❖ ❖

TYRONE POWER is out of "The Great Commandment" and is going right into "The Californian" instead. The former is a Biblical story and it seems both Tyrone and Twentieth Century-Fox became worried as to how the movie public would react to seeing him in such a setting. The studio eventually decided it would be safest to give the role to someone else.

❖ ❖ ❖

LEO GORCEY (one of the Dead End Kids), who married early this year, is due to be a father in February.

❖ ❖ ❖

GREER GARSON had a painful time during the last few nights of her appearance in one of the Noel Coward "To-night at 8.30" playlets.

Having breakfast in bed after the opening night, Greer tipped over a pot of scalding tea and blistered her side. This made it difficult for Brian Aherne, who had to indulge in a brief scuffle with Greer during the action of the play. Aherne, of course, was terrified for fear he would inadvertently grab her heavily bandaged side and aggravate the injury.

❖ ❖ ❖

CARY GRANT is the most-sought-after leading man in Hollywood at the moment. Cary now has contracts for no fewer than sixteen pictures at various studios, which should keep him busy for five years.

He is still working with Katharine Hepburn in MGM's "Philadelphia Story," and hasn't quite decided which of the sixteen assignments he will make next.

❖ ❖ ❖

LAURENCE OLIVIER is taking flying lessons and is telling his friends that he plans to go to England shortly to join the R.A.F.

❖ ❖ ❖

AS soon as "The Dictator" has its premiere, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard will leave on an extended holiday.

Charlie wants to have a few months in the Orient, while Paulette prefers to spend the time in New York. However, she is ready to yield to Charlie's preference because he needs the vacation so badly.

❖ ❖ ❖

SONJA HENIE has returned from her honeymoon trip with Dan Topping and is now in New York completing business arrangements for another ice-skating tour of the United States.

Her next picture will not be made until after the tour, a matter of four or five months.

❖ ❖ ❖

LANA TURNER explains why she has changed the color of her hair from red to blonde. That's her way of celebrating her divorce from band leader Artie Shaw.

❖ ❖ ❖

IT will be a few weeks before Wayne Morris is before the cameras again. Victim of an automobile accident in Santa Barbara, Wayne lost several teeth and injured his leg.

Luckily he was between pictures at the time of the accident, but unless he makes a quick recovery he may have to forgo his part in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings."

Western Electric HEARING AID
Ortho-technic Model

If you suffer from impaired hearing you owe it to yourself to try the Western Electric Ortho-Technic Hearing Aid. Developed by Western Electric, the greatest name in the science of sound, it enables you to hear clearly again, to take part in group conversations, to enjoy natural tone with greater volume. Both bone and air conduction types available, and complete service throughout the Commonwealth. Demonstrations at any of the following:

AUDIPHONE CO., *M.L.C. Building, 44 Martin P'ce, Sydney.*
COLES & GARRARD PTY. LTD., *270-274 Bourke Street, Melbourne.*
TREVOR HENDERSON, *T. & G. Buildings, Queen St., Brisbane.*
LEN G. STONE, *67 Gawler Place, Adelaide.*
SAINKEN & SAINKEN, *633 Hay Street, Perth.*
FINDLAYS PTY. LTD., *Apollo House, Brisbane St., Launceston.*

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***

The Movie World

Moonlight and * * * Honey Girls

● Above: Kathryn Adams, who has moonlight-blonde hair, deep blue eyes, and a good deal of film experience. A winner in a nation-wide talent quest, Kathryn began her career with the second lead in "Fifth Avenue Girl." ● At right: Ann Evers, who has honey-colored hair and plenty of poise. Ann was pulled out of the extra ranks to dance with Cary Grant in the ballroom sequence of "Gunga Din," and, like Kathryn, is with RKO.

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● Script rehearsals are always fun to the unruffled Bing.

● The Crosby clan. Bing's four sons, who go bicycling with father as often as they can, are seen above. From left to right, the Crosbys read: Lynn, Bing, Gary, Phillip, and Phillip's twin, Dennis. At left, below, is Bing at work recording songs. Note the pipe and the shirt!

It's a movie catchword . . .

CALM AS A CROSBY

BING THE BUSINESS MAGNATE, RACING OWNER, FAMILY MAN

CLAD in sagging slacks and a shirt of tropical brilliance, Bing Crosby strolled into Paramount's sound room at 9 o'clock in the morning. He had to record his songs for "Road to Zanzibar."

Bing simply took his pipe out of his mouth, sang the ballads off one after the other, without pause or fuss, put his pipe back again into his mouth, and went home to his ranch.

That's Bing for you—the man who is always so unruffled, so serene, that Hollywood is thinking of altering that catchword, "cool as a cucumber," to "cool as a Crosby."

He is the most deceptive person in Hollywood.

That lazy appearance, that genial half-smile, cloak a furious energy which packs a lifetime of activity into every week.

Bing breeds, trains and races horses. He is founder, organiser and president of the smart Del Mar Jockey Club. He manages a middleweight boxer and a feminine baseball team.

He engineers golf tournaments—and plays a game himself of professional rating. He plays tennis, hard, well, and often, too.

He operates an employment agency, a gold mine, a real estate project, an office building, and a music publishing company.

He broadcasts. He makes records. When not thus engaged he plays the trap drums for money, and acts in motion pictures for money.

He is a family man. His wife, Dixie Lee, and his four sons, Gary, Phillip and Dennis and young Lynn, are the centre of his life. He is the type of father who wrestles with his kids, tells them their favorite stories, organises bicycle rides, picnics, and their education.

His day begins at dawn on the race track, clocking the workouts. It ends—when and if Mr. Crosby has finished his work.

Not a soul in Hollywood has ever seen Bing out of temper.

His wife, Dixie Lee, claims she is the only one who has ever seen him discomposed.

The first time was on their wedding day—after a proposal made by Bing singing to Dixie over long-distance telephone.

"Scared as I was myself," reminiscences Dixie, "I nearly laughed at the peculiar color combination Bing's greenish white bridegroom pallor made against the henna velvet curtains in the church."

Clothes hoarder

THE second time was a year ago. Dixie quietly threw away one of Bing's favorite and most disreputable old sweaters. He spent weeks hunting for it.

From Mrs. Crosby, too, come a few new anecdotes on her husband and his clothes. The undefeatable Mr. Crosby has only one weak point—formal attire. A lot of his sloppiness has been put down to pose. But Paramount assures me that the wearing of formal attire is for its star sheer medieval torture.

✶

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

✶

Director Victor Schertzinger insisted upon Bing wearing a stiff collar for the opening yacht scenes of "Road to Singapore." After half an hour of re-takes, all ruined by Bing's writhings and clutchings at his throat, the collar was thrown away.

There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Crosby has a certain nonchalance towards dress. He and Dixie were off to Honolulu a couple of years ago, and Bing was ordered to get a suitable tropic wardrobe. He returned home a week later with six gaudy cloth caps.

Fits in holidays

HOW Bing finds time for holidays is a minor puzzle point to the film colony. He does; and often, too. As I write this he and Dixie are down in South America for the second time this year.

To a certain extent he likes night-life, too. Mrs. Crosby, who was a musical comedy actress, is a very good ballroom dancer. Here again, Bing's business instinct comes in. He is part-owner of the town's newest and most colorful night-club, "The Pirates' Den." His partners are Rudy Vallee, Tony Martin, Bob Hope, Ken Murray, and Fred MacMurray; their £12,500 investment in the club is already showing nice returns.

And there you have an inadequate sketch of perhaps the wealthiest and certainly the most popular man in Hollywood — the comedy actor who founded and then wiped out the "crooner" tag; the shrewd business man who invests even in himself when he backs some of his films; the family man whose carefree, clattering household is carefully guarded from the pretentiousness and pose that is known as "going Hollywood."

Hollywood at the wheel

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

WHETHER they motor for business or pleasure, Hollywood's film actors attach tremendous interest to their own cars. In fact, most of them have pet tastes and pet superstitions which affect the whole of their driving.

Many of their superstitions are involved with numerology and concern "lucky" numbers for licence plates. Joan Crawford, for instance, will move heaven and earth to get licence plates with a seven in them—for luck.

Clark Gable is also a bit fussy about his licence plates, but for a more practical reason. Clark always used to go for the popular low numbers as they are easier to remember (I might remind you that in California they have the quaint custom of issuing new licence plates every year). But he soon learned that the fans found his low number easy to remember, too, and simply gathered about to await his return every time he parked the car. Now he favors the longest and most complicated numbers available.

Bob Montgomery is the fresh-air-fiend brand of motorist. He never drives with the top of his car up unless there's a deluge, and invariably arrives home soaking after the first rain of the season, the car top having stuck after being down all summer.

First thing that Spencer Tracy does on buying a new car is install a little medallion on the dashboard to ward off accidents.

In Lana Turner's bright red coupe there's a little square of wood inlaid in the door—so the superstitious Lana can "touch wood" if necessary while driving along! Similarly superstitious is Mickey Rooney, who shares the American belief that a black cat crossing one's path means bad luck. Mickey will actually turn around and go a block out of his way if he spots a black cat on the street.

Nelson Eddy always keeps the electric clock in his car attached to the steering wheel so he won't have to look over to the far end of the dashboard to see the time.

Film players think so much about their cars, because cars are an essential part of work in Hollywood—and this applies to extras as well as to stars.

In the good old days Hollywood used to be the place where all the movie studios were. Now Hollywood is the place where practically all the movie studios aren't. Years ago, when the need for space and still more space became imperative, they simply pulled up their stakes and moved out to neighboring territory where fifty or a hundred acres, room for street after street of permanent sets, could be picked up for a song.

As a result, just about the worst place to start a tour of the studios nowadays is that famous, if unofficial, "heart of Hollywood," Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. From that hallowed spot it takes at least ten minutes to drive to Paramount, RKO, or Columbia; twenty minutes to Warner Bros.; twenty-five minutes to Universal; and a good half-hour to either MGM or 20th Century-Fox.

If you rely on buses or trams, the journeys will take anything from half an hour to three hours.

Nobody ever thinks of walking anywhere. The only people around Hollywood who walk are members of the British colony, and they usually get over the habit after they've been here for six months or so.

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Screen salutes *coming of* COWGIRL STAR...

UNIVERSAL SIGNS SOCIETY GIRL FOR A SERIES OF WESTERN FILMS

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

JULIE DUNCAN, the screen's first "cowgirl star," has never been on a ranch in her life.

She comes from New Hampshire society, has a finishing-school education—but she can ride like few men on the screen.

Like the other girls in her class at a fashionable school, Julie took riding lessons. Unlike the other girls, she electrified their riding-master with her daring and her skill.

Before she had made her debut, Julie was riding in horse shows on the Pacific coast. In the last two years—she is only 20—she has become a popular member of what our social gossipers call "the horsey crowd."

But even before she was approached by Universal, horse-show riding became too tame for Judy.

Riding as a jockey at Agua Caliente, she won the honor of being the only girl ever to win a steeple-chase event against masculine riders on a recognised track.

For those of you who know your racing—Julie weighs-in at 7st. 13lb.

Doing stunts, riding buckjumpers became her favorite way of spending any spare time.

It may seem odd that no studio has evolved this idea of a cowgirl-heroine before. After all, Hollywood supports many a feminine trick-rider in the stunt-girls who double in galloping scenes for the women stars.

Julie is, however, that unique gift to the talent-scout—a girl who, if she had never seen a horse, would still be a sure screen bet.

Her personality, vibrant, vivacious, strikes you on first meeting. Then her piquant prettiness, naturally curly fair hair, bright hazel eyes—and a very neat figure.

In a studio roster of feminine appeal Julie has been classed with Anna Nagel, Kathryn Adams and Peggy Moran.

Glamor girls are out of place in outdoor pictures. Yet Julie's breeding and personal talents qualify her to handle, if necessary, any type of post-debutante role.

For a girl like this, there will be no ordinary appearance in programme films. Julie will take her first star role in one of Universal's super-westerns.

In the meantime, Universal is training Julie by the method usual with an actress who is destined for the top. She is being given minor parts in big pictures—which, let me tell you, is a far more difficult thing than taking a big part in a minor production.

Julie acts and rides in the gaucho scenes of "Argentine Nights," one of Universal's leading musicals for this season. She accompanies the Ritz Brothers and those American stage favorites, the Andrews Sisters.

• Julie Duncan, 20-year-old horsewoman, who was discovered by the studio when riding in horse shows. Julie's riding skill is shown above.

Titled English Beauty— CHARMING CITY TYPIST

BOTH GUARD THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS THE SAME FAMOUS WAY

Lady Betty Bourke, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo, has really striking beauty. Her rich brown hair shines red-gold in the sun. Her rose and cream skin is exquisite in its flawless smoothness.

Nine till five — Miss Evelyn Cato does typewriting in a big city office. Miss Cato is one of the loveliest girls in the whole office—she has glossy dark hair, grey eyes and a perfectly lovely, creamy complexion.

QUESTION TO LADY BETTY BOURKE: Of course, you can afford to pay any price you like for your beauty aids. Why do you prefer Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER:

"Because Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin in marvellous condition. Its fine oils go right down into the pores, loosen every bit of dirt, and then float it all away."

QUESTION TO LADY BETTY:

Your skin always looks so perfect, whether you're at the Ballet, or playing golf, or whatever you're doing. What is your beauty secret, Lady Betty?

ANSWER:

"Just using Pond's Vanishing Cream as my powder base. It protects my skin against any trouble. Besides, even if my complexion does get a bit rough, Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it like velvet at once, so that my powder goes on beautifully and stays on for hours."

Lady Betty Bourke looks exquisitely lovely as she steps into her Box. Her skin is soft and smooth as a rose petal. She says, "Pond's two Creams are my daily beauty care."

Miss Cato designs and makes all her own clothes. Keen on sport, she loves riding, plays a lot of tennis . . . "I rely on Pond's 2 Creams to keep my skin clear and smooth," she says.

QUESTION TO MISS CATO:

Miss Cato, would you tell us how you keep your skin so flawlessly lovely on **your** salary?

ANSWER:

"It's easy with Pond's two Creams. I was never so happy about my skin until I started using Pond's. And what's more, I find that Pond's beauty treatment only costs a few pence a week."

QUESTION TO MISS CATO:

Playing so much tennis, don't you find the sun and the wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"It was a problem. My skin used to flake and roughen, but Pond's Vanishing Cream stopped that. Now it's a wonderful thrill to be able to keep my skin soft and smooth all the time. And of course, Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base."

This is how these two lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's two Creams

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. Pond's Cold Cream sinks right down to the base of the pores, removes every bit of hidden dust and stale make-up . . . use it regularly to keep your skin flawlessly smooth and radiant.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours. For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/0½ tubes, 1/6½ jars, and generous 2/6½ jars containing approximately 2½ times as much. (Prices including Sales Tax.)

FREE! *Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL ☐	ROSE BRUNETTE ☐	SUNTAN ☐
LIGHT CREAM ☐	NATURAL ☐	LIGHT NATURAL ☐

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1 **ON FRENCH** ship, Jeanette (Marianne), meets Eddy (Charles).

2 **ON ARRIVAL** at New Orleans, where he hopes to escape death as French revolutionary, Charles is sold as servant to Marianne.

3 **MARIANNE** learns his real identity when official comes to seize him.

4 **OVERHEARING** their conversation, Charles, leading a revolt of fellow bondsmen, seizes ship in harbor and puts to sea.

5 **WEEKS LATER,** the bride ship on which Marianne is returning to Paris is captured by Charles, who does not know she is on board.

6 **CHARLES** uses his captives to found an island colony, but Marianne alone of the girls refuses to marry any of her persistent suitors.

7 **ALTHOUGH** rebuffed by Marianne since she learnt he was a revolutionary, Charles suggests she marry him to gain protection.

NOW starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the operetta "New Moon" was first filmed in 1930, with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

The story is set in the late eighteenth century. In the 1940 version, Jeanette plays Marianne, Eddy appears as Charles, Duke of Villiers, and Mary Boland is cast as Marianne's aunt.

Trio of Musicals for team

JEANETTE AND EDDY MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

THOSE popular singing partners, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, are making up for their recent 18 months' separation on the screen.

Before the year is finished they will have made three new films together.

The first, already complete, is "New Moon."

Even before the final sequences for this film had been shot, Nelson and Jeanette were rehearsing the lovely, lilting songs of "Bitter Sweet." They have been working on this film for the past three months.

After this production is complete the pair will begin work on "I Married an Angel," the script of which is at the moment being revised for them.

Strenuous year

NINETEEN hundred and forty has been a strenuous year for these two singers. Each undertook a three-months' concert tour of the States early in the year, Jeanette starting off a month or so later than Eddy.

"New Moon" is their sixth film together. It begins a new, colorful era for them. Like "Naughty Marietta," their first film together, it is an operetta set in the late eighteenth century.

It is a story of a French duke sold as a bondsman to a lovely aristocrat in New Orleans. His subsequent escape and his bold piracy on the high seas give a grand opportunity for attractive period costumes and romantic settings.

The film is a feast of well-known songs. You will hear such favorites as "Lover Come Back to Me," "One Kiss," "Wanting You," and "Softly As In a Morning Sunrise."

A number of well-known players have important roles: Mary Boland plays Valerie de Rossac, Jeanette's aunt. Grant Mitchell is the Governor of New Orleans. Others in the cast are George Zucco, H. B. Warner, Stanley Fields, and John Miljan.

Tek *now*

LASTS 4 TIMES LONGER

When walking with friends in the service,
Of military step don't be nervous.
With Kayser's new sheers,
Your legs . . . my dears,
Will dazzle the keenest observers!

I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW . . .

I INSIST ON KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY—MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Kayser brings you that unbeatable Hosiery alliance—**Strength** and **Beauty.** Kayser brings you the freshness of the new Compass Colours, the beauty of Mir-O-Kleer sheers, super sheers and service weights. Kayser alone, are so **economy** priced.

11X An attractive Pure Silk "Mir-O-Kleer" Sheer with deep lace welt. Smartly dull! . . Only 6/11

Service Weights from 4/11, Pure Silk "Mir-O-Kleer" Sheers, 5/11 to 9/11

BECAUSE KAYSER SPELLS ECONOMY

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NEW RINSO GIVES THE RICHEST SUDS I'VE EVER SEEN!

SUCH LONG-LASTING SUDS, TOO! NO WONDER **NEW RINSO** GETS THE WHITES SHADES WHITER!

MY! I'VE NEVER KNOWN COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLIES WASH SO BEAUTIFULLY! **RINSO's** WONDERFUL!

Rinso GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

AND **RINSO** MAKES FAST WORK OF WASHING-UP. KEEP AN EXTRA PACKET IN THE KITCHEN AND SEE YOUR DISHES SPARKLE!

Cut out hard rubbing! Get New Rinso's wonderful suds on the job and make washing day easy. These fine-bubble suds do the work alone—no extras to add! Save time, money, and get the cleanest, sweetest wash you've ever had—with *RINSO!*

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Calling for you at 7 p.m. tonight John

To be fresh for the evening...

A bath with NEW *Super-milled* LIFEBUOY

A busy day . . . a last-minute invitation: "Would you dine and dance?" . . . Then is the time to leave tiredness behind in a bath with Super-milled Lifebuoy—a smooth coral pink tablet, gentle and mild to sensitive skins. In its creamy lather tired limbs are refreshed. It cleanses from pores the waste of the day. You step from your bath renewed, ready to dance. You're immaculate all over—utterly safe from unpleasant "B.O."

New Super-Milled LIFEBUOY Health Soap

* Men often prefer "REGULAR" LIFEBUOY Get a supply today.

Keeps you Lovable

A LEVER PRODUCT

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PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

Summer Dancing

• Icing-pink striped taffeta for an effective housecoat-cum-dinner-frock, or a cool evening wrap to don over a simple white frock. (Left.)

• Floral crepe with long, sleek-fitting bodice and softly full skirt. At the pinafore neckline and round the hips are frothy swathes of white organza. (Above.)

• Molyneux's enchanting apron frock in blue spotted swiss with apron and arm-holes accented with ruffles edged with blue rick-rack braid. (Top centre.)

• On very hot nights dance in a childishly-young pinafore frock in plaid tie-silk with delicate blouse of white organza. (Right.)

• A charming flower print, with huge yellow blossoms splashed over a foam-white background. Made very simply, with low, square neck and long torso line.

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NEW YORK *likes these . . .*

● (1) Tweed hats with masculine crowns and stitched brims, rather like the shooting hats that King Edward VII used to wear, are very smart. They are being worn with matching gloves with gauntlets and backs of stitched tweed, and palms of the softest chamois leather in the predominant color of the tweed.

● (2) The lovely old decanter labels in colored enamel, which were part of the equipment of every Georgian dining-room, are now being used to decorate milady's lapel. Half a dozen of them—whisky, port, sherry, brandy, madeira, and claret—are fastened together by a colored velvet bow and fixed into the buttonhole.

● (3) A frill of self-material about two inches wide to outline the yoke on an otherwise plain black frock is fashion's latest concession to femininity. These wool frills are usually lined with a slightly wider frill of broderie Anglaise.

● (4) One of the snappiest shoe styles features toecaps, heels, and pipings of black patent leather while the rest of the shoe is of white string lace in rather open mesh intended to reveal the black stockings worn with them.

● (5) "Kitten" bows are immensely popular, especially in spotted foulard. They differ from the ordinary bow tie in that the ribbon shows all the way round the neck and is not tucked under collar. Skull caps to match these bows are favored by debutantes.

● (6) Panels of multi-colored flowers are skilfully introduced on gowns of white chiffon. The flowers are massed in long triangles that appear in front of the bias skirt, and cut-out flowers are appliqued to the sleeves.

● (7) Alix allows the gay border print to style the gown, and has designed it simply with a hugely full hemline, and cut-out flowers to form the belt.

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Defeat the heat in . . .

CASUAL CLOTHES

• A simple Lachasse model of royal-blue crepe squared in white to give a clever effect of pleating. Belt and Peter Pan collar of crisp white bunting.

• Classic shirtwaist frock in chalk-white silk crepe highlighted with enormous patch pockets, embroidered with wool flowers in brilliant cobalt-blue, crimson, and gold.

• Charming style in danger-red and white printed silk linen, with a tailored bodice and softly full skirt. By Spectator Sports.

• Pastel-pink silk jersey with a skirt panel of unpressed pleats. Madonna-blue buttons and cartridge belt. (Extreme left.)

• Ideal for spectator or active sports—a shirtwaist frock of green-and-white checked cotton seersucker with white buttons marching down the front. (Left.)

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Rayon Crepes that wash

as easily as your stockings

...and that's an unconditional guarantee!

Sounds too good to be true—but here it is! You can whisk these gorgeous rayon crepe dresses through Lux suds as quickly as you wash out undies or stockings. And you can tub them without the slightest worry over patterns fading, bodices shrinking or hemlines creeping up. Or any of the old washing fears that made you think twice before buying rayon crepe fabrics. That's what the Grafton Anti-Shrink label means to you.

Cannot shrink— cannot stretch—cannot fade

When you buy Grafton Anti-Shrink fabrics in frocks or by the yard at any store, you have an unconditional guarantee of replacement if they should shrink by the width of a thread when washed according to the easy Lux directions. (Because you can wash Grafton Anti-Shrink so easily, underarm perspiration doesn't have a chance to rot the fabric either). For your own protection buy only fabrics marked Grafton Anti-Shrink along every yard of the selvedge—or ready-to-wear frocks that carry this special "Grafton Anti-Shrink" ticket and are also tabbed "Grafton Anti-Shrink".

EASY TO WASH

Yes, Grafton Anti-Shrink is as easy to wash as stockings or undies. And washing actually brings out the full silky loveliness of their textures.

EASIER TO DRY

Grafton Anti-Shrink dries three times as fast as ordinary Rayons. Wash a Grafton frock just before bed and you can wear it to the office next day.

EASIEST TO IRON

In fact, Grafton Anti-Shrink frocks don't need ironing at all except for seams and special trimmings. They're as easy to run over as a hankie!

Some like 'em PRINTED
Some like 'em PLAIN

You get the loveliest of both in Grafton Anti-Shrink—the newest, smartest patterns and 300 of the freshest, prettiest plain pastels! You'd be tempted to buy any of the Grafton fabrics just for their loveliness—let alone that they're guaranteed not to shrink, stretch or fade. At all smart stores. If unable to obtain locally, write to Cepea Fabrics Ltd., Box 624FF, G.P.O., Sydney.

Grafton

ANTI-SHRINK
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WASHABLE RAYON CREPES FROM ENGLAND

GRAFTON ANTI-SHRINK FABRICS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK, STRETCH OR FADE—BY THE YARD OR IN FROCKS AT ALL SMART STORES

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BEAUTY . . . *and the new clothes line*

THE new summer clothes, attractively young and glamorous, demand the best from waistlines, general figure curves and legs. Here's the way to check up and improve all figure points so that you can wear your summer frocks with success.

☆ By JANETTE ☆

IF you want to make the most of this year's fashions your figure and your make-up must be right.

Perhaps your figure curves in the wrong places and your make-up seems a little drab. Then set to work to improve these faults.

New frocks emphasise tiny waists:

You'll have to get down to a few good hard exercises, I'm afraid. (Diet isn't necessary unless you are overweight everywhere.)

Here are three simple ones that will make your tummy flat and your waist tiny if you do them ten times every morning.

Sit cross-legged on the floor, arms raised in front of you. Swing round with trunk and arms to the right, then back to the front. Repeat to the left, then back to the front. For the second exercise lie on your back and cycle your legs vigorously in the air as if you were in for a six-day cycle race.

For the third exercise simply touch your toes. To do this properly you must raise the arms high above your head and breathe in, bend down and breathe out, then back to attention.

Do remember when you do your exercises that half the benefit is in the rhythmic way you do them, and the other half in the regularity with which you go on doing them.

A pretty bustline is something that can be acquired quite easily, too, by exercises designed to strengthen the chest muscles.

A good one is to raise your arms in front of you and clasp the wrists. Then push each hand up your arm slowly towards the elbow. You'll feel the pull on the muscles in your upper chest as you do it.

Hats tinier than ever or tilted back to frame the face:

Let's make quite sure that your face can stand the framing. If you're going to wear those halo hats take extra care that your forehead isn't wrinkled.

Skin foods and an occasional tightening mask will see to that for you.

And if you're plagued with a shiny forehead try a make-up that goes on wet and dries with a bloom like a rose petal.

Tiny hats need very smooth hair at the back if they're to look smart. Try dividing your hair in halves at the back, crossing over the ends, and swathing one piece to the right ear, one to the left. Or try a smooth roll all round the back.

Favorite colors, greys and pinks; some bright yellows:

Very becoming these colors are, too, if your complexion is fair and rosy.

Use a pale, pearly, flesh-toned powder foundation, and over it a cool shade of powder.

See that the rouge and lipstick you use have soft rose colorings like rose-pink, natural rose or French rose.

If the pink in your frock has a hint of clover in it, use rose-reds with a trace of blue in them like clover or cyclamen, and a lovely pink-toned powder to match.

Match your finger-tips in a soft rosy color with a hint of cyclamen in it.

Yellows need a clear bright red verging on to orange tones to carry them off, and a warm peachy powder.

Skirts shorter than ever, some 17 to 18 inches off ground:

That means a set of exercises for ankles and knees. Try walking about on tiptoe, waggle your feet round on the ankles, and see if you can shuffle all round the edge of a fat book, laid on the floor, with your toes on the very edge and your heels in the air.

Ankles can take fairly vigorous massage too, while any exercise that includes flexing and straightening the knees will help to make them shapely.

Evening frocks high in back, low cut in front:

Guard against that little patch of sunburn on your chest with a special suntan protective lotion spread on before you face the wind or sun.

And when you go out in evening dress, smooth in a little liquid powder in a soft rachel tone to emphasise the contrast of cool skin against your evening gown.

New clothes, youthful, sensible, but very feminine:

Take your beauty cue from that. Use your make-up to make you look younger, not more sophisticated, choose a hair style that's easy to do as well as feminine.

Be sensible, of course, but don't look it!

IF YOU will be wearing the new tiny hats this season, like that worn by Anne Shirley, RKO, above, then your hair must be attractively arranged and smooth at the back.

CENTRE: Tiny waists, little-girl skirts and evening gowns high at the back and low in front are fashion points which demand the right figure curves and smooth, unblemished skin.

IF YOU PLAN to wear those girlish halo hats, which, like this one, are tilted back on the head, then your make-up must be impeccable and your forehead must be smooth and unlined.

Eating

Smoking

Swimming

Kissing

POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK REALLY

Stays on!

Now Pond's bring you a *really* indelible lipstick that *stays on* . . . if you eat, smoke, swim or kiss. Pond's Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has a satiny smooth yet firm texture. And Pond's lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright daylight or under the glare of electric lights. For alluring lips day and night use Pond's Indelible Lipstick. 6 smart shades. 2/0½d. and 1/0½d. (including Sales Tax) at all stores and chemists.

P7a-12.

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?

Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm! Keep safe from underarm odour —each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her *for life!*" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too . . . when you're lovely to be near always . . . when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns —or kisses . . . just *which* you get depends on *you!*

So don't take any chances—not even *once*. For where is the girl who can dare to risk underarm odour — and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odour! A bath removes perspiration that is *past*. To avoid risk of odour *to come* . . . more women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable!*

SAVES TIME! Just half a minute a day keeps underarms fresh. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odour. Get Mum to-day. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure . . . use Mum every day! Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

CONVENIENT! SURE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY.

Another Use for Mum

Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

H 1965

MUM

TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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FOR CHEEKS... "THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

SPRING IS THE TIME to build up the youngsters' health and resistance. Summer, with its toll of energy and stamina, will soon be here—and it is the cheeks that bloom in the Spring which will still be rosy with health at Summer's end. Let your youngsters' health begin at breakfast tomorrow. Serve crisp, crunchy Vita-Brits. Everything of importance to the system is in the golden-toasted whole wheat of Vita-Brits — proteins, mineral-salts, energising carbohydrates, the all-important Vitamin B and the essential regulative bran. Not only from a health standpoint are Vita-Brits so popular with wise mothers—they are also great economisers and time-savers. They cost no more than bread, always stay crisp and fresh and are ready to serve straight from the packet in scores of appetising ways — hot or cold — sweet or savoury — with milk, cream, honey, butter, jam, or fruits. What better reasons could you have for ordering a packet of Vita-Brits today?

VITA·BRITS

PATON

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Fashion PATTERNS

Please Note To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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Special Concession Pattern

SMART SUMMER STYLES FOR FASHION-CONSCIOUS MATRONS.

Sizes 38 to 42-inch bust.

No. 1 requires 4yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast.

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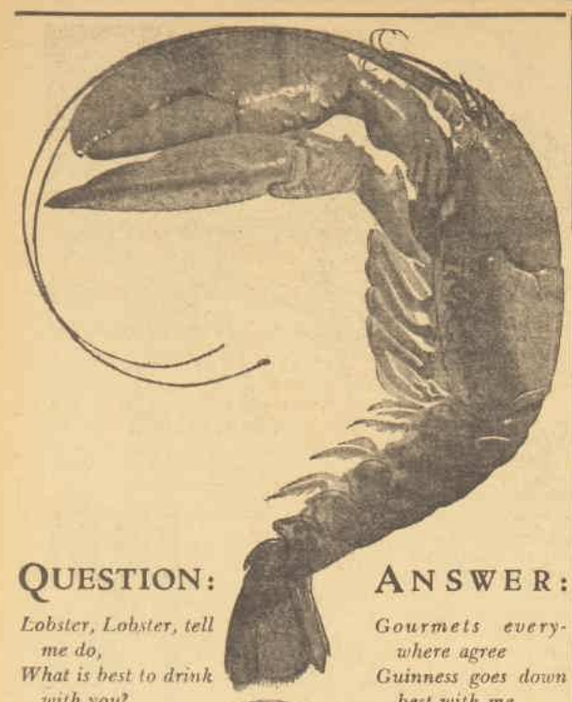

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Curtsy for a Lady

Continued from page 6

LINDA walked slowly down the wide staircase in her father's house to meet her fiance, and she walked with a slow, unconscious grace. She had brushed her skilfully set hair so that it lost its severity and fell in soft curls. She wore the rose gown as Cinderella might have worn her dress for Prince Charming's ball, with hope and happiness until her hour struck . . .

Michael stepped forward. In his eyes was surprise and delight mingled with—what? As usual, Linda could not read his thoughts. He took her hand, kissed her. She stood looking up at him, puzzled by the tense set of his mouth. "You look—lovely," he said, jerkily. "I wish—I wish I could be more eloquent, Linda." He drew away, abruptly. "You look—lovely," he repeated. "Fernand has excelled himself." His smile, oddly, seemed forced. And then he said: "I shall have hard work to dress my wife to Fernand's standard when we are married."

Linda's heart lurched and was still.

"I don't want you to," she said very quietly.

"Meaning that you can dress yourself? Oh, I know. I knew I would have to face that when I proposed to you. But I——I hoped——"

"What, Michael?"

"I hoped that before I married you I'd gather sufficient courage to ask you something—to ask you to do something which would mean a great sacrifice."

"Then why haven't you asked me?"

He shrugged.

"Funked it, I suppose. After all, it takes some doing to ask a girl as rich as you to give up her fortune so that her husband won't be embarrassed by her wealth. I could keep you well and dress you well and give you all you could need and want, Linda, but I can't reach the Fernand and the Forrester standard. I'm asking too much, aren't I? No wonder you look surprised."

Linda held on to his sleeve, tremulously.

"Michael—Michael, why did you ask me to marry you? Tell me, please, I must know!"

"Why does a man usually ask a woman to marry him? Because he loves her. As I love you. But this wealth of yours is becoming too much. I know what people think and I know what your father thinks and I know what you think, which is even worse. I wish your cursed money was at the bottom of the sea."

Linda laughed shakily. "It is—almost," she sobbed. "Michael, you'll know in the morning, so you may as well know now . . ."

When Janice Everard came out of Roger Forrester's study she saw Linda Forrester withdraw hastily from Michael Worthy's arms. "That is the first time," she thought irrelevantly, "that I've ever seen him kissing her." And he had been kissing her, plain little Linda Forrester, with an ardor which left her starry-eyed and breathless. Janice winced in the face of her happiness. Yet, at the same time, she was glad.

She had always felt sorry for Linda. She was so browbeaten and plain and her father despised her so patently. She paused in her step towards the stairs. Plain, had she thought? She stared at Linda Forrester, at her flushed and radiant face, at her eyes, alight with happiness and expectancy. "Plain! Why—you're lovely!" she thought, and a swift surge of envy, blinding, tearing envy urged her quickly up the stairs.

In the seclusion of her room she drew out her trunk. Slowly, carefully, with the neat precision which had made her such a successful secretary to Roger Forrester, she packed her simple wardrobe. She had a month's cheque, and tomorrow the weary search for employment would begin again; unemployment during wartime was a thing to be dreaded. Roger Forrester had promised her introductions, but what good would they do her now? Introductions from her late employer would no more help her than they would help Harry Preston, his private accountant.

At the thought of Harry, Janice sat back on her heels and stared dully at the row of books on the top of her little bureau. Several of these books were from Harry Preston. He did not know that her heart was aching with love for him and it was aching more now at the thought of never seeing him again than at the thought of losing her position.

She sighed and turned to her trunk. Her usual practical philosophy came to her aid. Perhaps it was better to sever their acquaintance like this than to go on seeing him day after day, discussing such items of their work which had to be discussed with a cold, businesslike efficiency. Even that could tear at her heart strings, even the sound of his voice on the phone. And he never even noticed her. It was better that it should end like this.

She called "Come in!" in answer to the tap on her door, and then she stood up, surprised, for there stood Linda Forrester. She wore a plain travelling suit and her face, beneath its smart little travelling hat, still blossomed with her rare, new-found beauty. Resentment and envy flooded Janice. It was not fair that one should have so much and another so little, that life should give so generously to one and rob another so mercilessly. Linda stepped hesitantly into the room. "Must she come to say good-bye?" thought Janice, promptly donning the armor of her reserve.

And then she saw that over her arm Linda carried the pale rose gown.

"Miss Everard——" Linda smiled with the new spontaneity, the lovely radiance which Janice had noticed when she drew away from Michael Worthy at the sound of her intrusive step. "Miss Everard—will you do something for me?"

"Anything I can, Miss Forrester, of course."

"You see, Michael and I were going to the Red Cross Ball to-night, but now—now we're not. We're running away to get married. And we thought that you and Mr. Preston might care to go to the ball in our place. Michael has suggested it to Mr. Preston, and he is willing, if you would care to go, too."

Slowly Janice drew in her breath. Did Linda Forrester realise, she wondered breathlessly, what she was offering her? Did she know that she was giving her a glimpse of paradise for a few hours with the man she loved—one last taste of happiness in his company before they said good-bye? She made a desperate clutch at her cool, businesslike, secretarial self and said quietly:

"I should like to, very much. I am quite free this evening."

Linda smiled a warm, happy smile. She took a step nearer and said, rather diffidently: "You've been so good to me in many ways these past years, Miss Everard. I wondered whether you would accept this as a—just as a token of my friendship?"

She laid down the gown upon Janice's bed. Such dainty, ethereal loveliness the efficient secretary had never worn. She put out a tentative, incredulous finger and touched it. She did not hear Linda Forrester move towards the door until the voice reached her, soft and a a little tremulous.

"I hope," said Linda, "I hope it does for you what it did for me." And she was gone.

Janice picked up the dress. Beneath it lay Linda Forrester's famous pearls. Tears stung her eyes—those calm eyes which she had trained to conceal all emotion. She held the dress against her. It might be a little tight in the waist, but she would get Mabel to alter that.

She summoned the girl, breathlessly. Mabel had been Linda Forrester's personal maid for ten years. Her nimble fingers worked like lightning, eagerly, enthusiastically. She slipped the cloud over Janice's head and drew back spellbound.

"Oh, Miss—you look beautiful!"

Janice clipped the famous pearls round her throat, loving the feel of their satiny texture.

"I do look—rather nice, don't I?" she said, gazing in amazement at her reflection.

"You look beautiful, Miss Everard, beautiful!"

Mabel watched her from the balcony as she met Harry Preston in the hall. She saw them hesitate, look at each other for a breathless moment, charged with expectancy and discovery, and—and something more. She saw them pass out into the night and swiftly came the unbidden thought: "They're in love!"

A lump rose in Mabel's throat. If only Alfred would look at her like that she wouldn't mind losing her job; she wouldn't mind anything if only Alfred would look at her as Mr. Preston looked at Miss Everard.

In the shadow of the taxi Janice sat quite still. In the opposite corner, Harry Preston studied her secretly, admiring the finely chiselled outline of her face, her lovely hands lying so still and quiet in her lap. Strange he had never realised before how lovely she was. In his quiet, reserved way he had loved Janice Everard for a long time, but, of course, she had never been aware of him. He was surprised that she had consented to spend this evening with him but he was glad, for it gave him one last evening with her.

In the ballroom, in her lovely gown, eyes followed her and an unfamiliar, unaccustomed feeling flooded Harry Preston, a mixture of excitement and pride. He would have to be very careful not to betray himself, or the evening would be spoilt. She would, perhaps, laugh at him and that would be unendurable. He tried to steady himself and promptly stumbled. She looked up at him and smiled and something breathless and exquisite and poignant hovered between them. They stood for a moment looking at each other, and then he took her hand and led her off the crowded floor. He led her up the stairs to a box looking down upon the ballroom. Up here, behind heavy curtains, they were isolated.

Harry Preston took Janice Everard in his arms and kissed her.

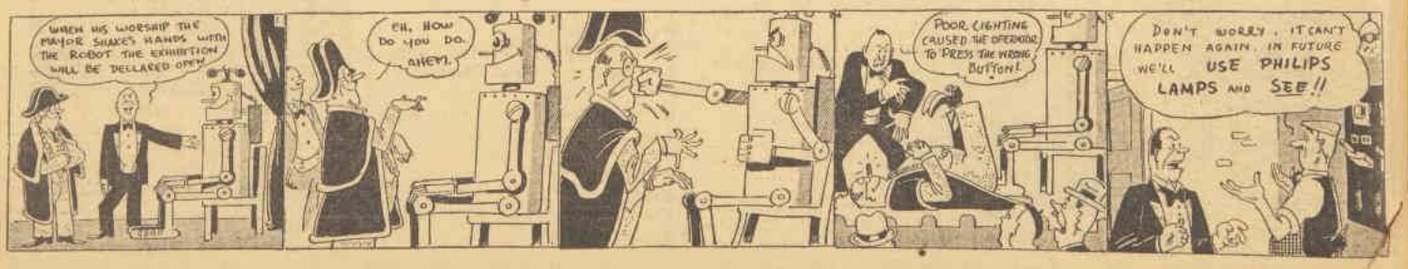
"I've been wanting to do that," he said shakily "for a long time."

"Then why didn't you?" she whispered.

Please turn to page 34

Animal Antics

"Gosh! . . . and I'm on a diet!"



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Jottings of the Week

—by Miss Midnight—

• "I CAN recommend the apple cider," says Mrs. Carl Wright to Mrs. A. B. Lilley at table-setting competition at Anthony Hordern's . . . in aid of R.P.A. Hospital.

• SMART GUESTS. Alison Adams, in gold and white, and Mrs. Freddie Cook, in black, arriving at Australian Club for Spencer-Eakin wedding reception.

• SOCIAL MATRONS Mrs. Dick Allen and Mrs. Sam Hordern were among those dancing at Air Force House Ball.

• PRIVATE BILL BARNES tells Mrs. Fred Moses, of Willow Tree, how much he won—and lost—at the races.

Simply everybody . . .

ARRIVE at Air Force House Ball at 10 p.m., and find Romano's so crowded the only thing left for me is to become a reflection in the mirrors.

Ye old fishing game is still a favorite social pastime . . . champagne is to be had for the hooking. £400 raised in all.

Simply everybody there, m'dear. So many in white I thought for a moment it was the old White Ball . . . until I saw that collector of best-dressed prizes, Mrs. Eric Pratten, in blue.

Hardly a one not sporting the inevitable string of pearls. As I always say about pearls . . . you can't tell if they're real or not.

Sue Other Gee wears the simple white muslin in which she bridesmaided for Dibby Godsall. Those recently married, Mrs. Royce Shannon and Mrs. Leslie Osborne, both in white. Also Mesdames Dudley Hardy, Bill Crossing, John Collins, Colin Bell, Elizabeth Rabett, and "deb." Diana Walker.

Orchids for Lady Bective, Mrs. John Brunton, Mrs. Pat Osborne, Mrs. R. A. Eakin (present from son-in-law, John Spencer).

They catch the eye . . .

ANOTHER Race Week over, but we're still talking about it. Here's what caught my eye . . . the Barnes sisters, Lorrie in tailored black grosgrain suit, tassel-trimmed, and Moya in black, too, wearing iridescent bubble beads . . . Mrs. Woodward Pearce in shades of gold, her auburn hair topped by Talisman rosebuds . . . pastel feather toques on Jane Mills and Eve Sheedy . . . crimson velvet bows worn as headgear by Lucy Blake Greaves . . . Mrs. Tim Osborne in a lovely harmony of pale and dark blues . . . magpie effect, even to sunglasses, for Mrs. Geoff Plater . . . Dulce McWhannell's red and white spots . . . smart mother and daughter, Mrs. Strath Playfair and Eve . . . that very pretty country girl, Margaret Fagan . . .

By their hats . . .

GET a bird's-eye view of Robin Eakin's pink wedding at St. Stephen's . . . from Finlay Munro's pew in the church gallery. Bride's tulle frock and bonnet, maid Shirley Arnott's hat and accessories, floral decorations . . . all pink.

Rather fun trying to guess who's who from the hats they wear—all that could be seen from way up above. Down the front I spy a soldier (Tony Stuart), titian hair topped by navy straw (his fiancee, Jacqueline Crookston), and a Chinese pill-box with two red ribbon pigtails (Carma Nathan).

A plate spilling pink flowers looks like Constance Rouse, and a sky-blue turban and blue frock like Molly Brearley. Both right. Topknot of three bright pink roses I've seen at the races . . . yes, it's Betty Hyles, who later gets the bride's bouquet.

Water-lilies surrounding a pale lemon straw seem like trousseau hat . . . it's Mrs. Ian Hepworth. Two wide-brimmed picture hats sitting together defy me. Later revealed as Sylvia Keighley in pale blue, and Brenda Jones, of Port Kembla, in white.

Sydney returnees . . .

LATEST American ship brings collection of well-knowns back to Sydney. Michael (author-explorer) Terry brings an English bride, and says 8 is his lucky number. He left Sydney on April 8 two years ago, became engaged on April 8 of this year, and was married on May 8. He has also acquired a new public—his wife. Mrs. Terry has not yet had time to read all her husband's books.

Pianist Marjorie Hess, back into harness at Conservatorium, has still a touch of England in her Sydney address—Earl's Court, Clapton Place, King's Cross.

Mrs. Meriel Rosing has come from California with small daughter Anna Pauline, to visit her mother, Mrs. Robert Moss, of Edgecliff Road.

Mrs. Otto Schatz—better known as Kathleen McCathie, of The Hermitage—is being welcomed by large family and friends. Kath is all in favor of the Yankee Fleet visiting Australia—her husband's in the fleet.

Hansom does . . .

RACE-DAY taxi shortage was fun for the newly-wed "Griff" Griffiths. They took a hansom. Meet attractive bride (formerly June McCracken, of Narrandera) stepping elegantly from the cab in front of the Australia. Says she couldn't have attracted more attention en route from Randwick if she'd hired a Black Maria.

All women . . .

SUPER afternoon tea at Elizabeth Bay House when American women welcome Mrs. Clarence E. Gauss, wife of new United States Minister . . . sea foods spilling from giant clam shells, oyster pikelets, pussy-foot cocktails.

Only women, fifty of them, at party. Mrs. Albert M. Doyle and Mrs. Maurice Samuels in receiving line. Practically everybody wears black . . . Mrs. Samuels adds heavy gold costume jewellery . . . Mrs. A. C. Aubry's crepe frock decorated with diamente pockets.

Early arrivals are consuls' wives, Mesdames Flake, Zapf, Day, Kidder. Others . . . Madame Pao (knew Mrs. Gauss in America), Mesdames Charlie Brown, Percy Du Mar, J. D. Jacobs, Chick Bouvet, Park Bryan, von Hake, Dan Kelly, Gilly Kryger, A. C. Berk.

Heard around town . . .

THE Herbert Friends have sold Laurel Park, Bowral, and bought the Sefton Cullens' residence in Links Road.

Dr. John Laidley Dowling is in Egypt. Recently transferred from England with A.A.M.C.

The Sandy Robertsons are honeymooning at Greyleaves, Bowral . . . bride was Gwenda Ashcroft.

And seen . . .

MRS. RON TRAILL directing traffic . . . part of National Emergency practice.

Country visitors . . . the Bill Frasers, of Jerilderie; Alan Braggs, of Cootamundra; Mrs. Frank Bragg, of Aberdeen; Mrs. Wallace Horsley, of Tumblong; Mrs. Jack Bettington, of Merriwa; Pam Lloyd Jones, of Tarcutta.

• ENJOYING THEMSELVES . . . Pamela Holmes a'Court and John Massie photographed at race week dance at Australia.

• PUBLIC INSPECTION of Woolcott Forbes' Killara mansion raised almost £1000 for Red Cross . . . Hazel Perdriau buys ticket from V.A. on duty.

• STOCKTAKING. Philippa Stephen and Mrs. Harry Whiting, of Melbourne, check up on sales at Christmas Shop, held for Air Force House.

• NO DOUBT that Aylwin Marsh and Betty McCoy picked a winner. Betty is still receiving felicitations on engagement to Tony Hordern, jun.

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Curtsy for a Lady

Continued from page 32

"I WAS too afraid. You seemed so far removed, so aloof and unapproachable. But to-night, somehow, you're different, Janice. And it's our last night together."

"Yes," she echoed, "our last."

"What are you going to do?"

"Find another job, I suppose."

"Michael Worthy has offered me a job out in Kenya. He has some plantations out there and he needs a new manager. Unfortunately I was injured in the last war and can't serve in this one. So I've accepted his offer."

Janice's heart shivered, then stood still.

"I'm glad," she said, "for your sake."

"I was keen to go, but not now. Not now I've discovered you, Janice, only to lose you."

She achieved a shaky little laugh.

"Could you do with a secretary, Mr. Preston?"

"No. But I could do with you, Janice."

It was the gown, of course. And now Janice knew what Linda Forrester had meant when she said, "I hope it does for you what it did for me." And they had come true, those words, gloriously true.

When she got home, she saw her half-packed trunk now neatly completed. Mabel had done it for her. In a swift rush of tenderness and gratitude, and because Linda Forrester had been generous in her happiness, Janice went along to the maid's room.

. . . . . .

When Janice Everard had left for the Red Cross Ball, Mabel swallowed the lump in her throat and went down to the servants' sitting-room. Alfred was there cleaning the chauffeur's boots. Alfred was handyman in the Forrester establishment. He, too, would be out of a job now. Already the news had trickled through to the kitchen. There was an air of depression as bad as the day war was declared. Only Alfred's face was inscrutable. But then it always was.

Mabel had loved Alfred ever since he came to the Forrester home. She had got him the job herself, having heard of him through a friend, and he had ever since treated her with respect. But respect, when you love a person, is not in itself very satisfying. She wished that he would waken and see her as a human being, as a desirable woman.

Mabel sat down by the table and opened a magazine, but instead of the printed word she saw Miss Everard's face as she walked down the stairs to meet Mr. Preston. She, Mabel, the lady's maid, would like to look like that when she went to the Territorial Dance on Saturday. Perhaps Alfred would see her, then, and fall in love with her.

She saw Miss Linda's face, alight with a new happiness, as she kissed Mabel impulsively on her cheek and pressed something into her hand. "It's so little," she had whispered, "in return for all your loyalty . . ." So little! It was a cheque and Mabel had never had so much money in all her life.

She fell to dreaming, as she pretended to read her magazine and the clock ticked sombrely. Alfred brushed the chauffeur's boots. She fell to dreaming what she would do with the money if, for instance, it had been a wedding present.

After a time she heard Alfred go to collect the household shoes, and one by one the others yawned and stretched and went to bed. Tears stung Mabel's eyes. This time tomorrow—where would they be? She might never see Alfred again . . . but of course she would. She had forgotten the Territorial Dance. For a moment she toyed with the idea of buying a new frock for the occasion, and then abandoned the idea. She was going to need every penny of Miss Linda's cheque while she looked for work. The search might be a long one, for most of the rich people had evacuated from London and dismissed their maids. The lump rose in her throat again and she went blindly up to bed.

MRS. W. J. STELZER, president of the 2GB Happiness Club.

It was sweet in the seclusion of her room to let the pent-up tears flow. It was good to think of Alfred, so quiet and reliable and strong. Even if the thought hurt, it was still good to think of him. By the time Miss Everard came to see her Mabel was quiet, but a little red-eyed. Janice looked at her solicitously. She wore a dressing-gown and over her arm she carried the pale rose gown.

"Thank you for finishing my packing, Mabel."

"That's all right, miss, I was glad of something to do. Did you have a good time?"

Janice nodded breathlessly.

"Wonderful, Mabel . . . I . . . we're going to be married, Mr. Preston and I."

"Oh, Miss Everard, I'm glad. Glad! I'm not surprised, though. As soon as I saw you in that frock I knew something ought to happen."

"I was wondering, Mabel, if you'd like to have it for the Territorial Dance."

The girl looked at Janice with spellbound face. As though in a dream she heard her say:

"You may keep it, Mabel. And I hope it will do for you what it did for me . . ."

When Janice had gone Mabel slipped out of bed and tried on the gown. She stared at her reflection, a little frightened, a little awed by what she saw. And suddenly, instinctively, she knew that she must let Alfred see her as she looked now.

SHE tiptoed down the back stairs to the kitchen. Alfred was alone, as she knew he would be. He looked up as she entered, and she stood in the doorway smiling at his speechless face. He rose slowly to his feet.

"What do I do?" he smiled. "Curtsy to the lady?"

Mabel shook her head.

"You look—so beautiful," he said softly.

"Miss Everard gave it to me for the dance on Saturday."

"You'll be the loveliest there."

"Will you—dance with me, Alfred?"

"I hardly dare ask you . . ."

"Why not?"

"Because you're Miss Linda's personal maid, and I ——"

"I'm not her maid any longer, Alfred. I've lost my job."

"But it was a good job. Better than mine."

"I'll get another. Something . . . not as good as yours, perhaps . . ."

She stood quite still amidst the spotless kitchen and the litter of boots. She looked at him, and her soul was in her eyes. And suddenly Alfred knew that it was foolish for a man to be afraid to look too high, that, sometimes, that is where the best things are and if he doesn't reach for them he will never get them. He took a step forward.

"Mr. Worthy has offered me a job, Mabel, as gardener at his place in Scotland. That is my real work, you know. There's a cottage goes with it, Mabel, only sometimes — sometimes a cottage is lonely when a man is alone . . ."

. . . . . .

Long, long afterwards Mabel kept the pale rose gown. It hung in her wardrobe, waiting. Some day, when she had a daughter, it would come out of its hiding. Her nimble fingers would soon transform it into the prevailing fashion. It could never lose its loveliness, never lose its power to bring happiness. Who knew? Perhaps it would do for that unborn girl what it had done for her . . .

(Copyright)

Happiness club to open home for aged couples

Radio group's fine social service

The first step towards holiday homes for aged couples will be taken on Saturday, October 19, when the 2GB Happiness Club will officially open a site at Newport.

Mrs. W. J. Stelzer, president-founder of the club, which has 18,000 members, has worked for the organisation of the homes.

THROUGH the help of radio listeners and club members a block of 2½ acres was bought at Newport, and it has been called Eurobodalla, a native word meaning "Land Between Two Waters."

"The idea for such a holiday home arose from our work among the older people," Mrs. Stelzer explained. "We discovered that there were no places where old couples, frequently confined to separate homes, could spend a couple of weeks together. Such a holiday we believe would not only bring joy to their twilight years, but even new health and vigor.

"War work has, of course, taken precedence over everything, otherwise we might be further advanced with our scheme.

"Nevertheless, we feel that with the land purchased, fenced, and a recreation hall built we can now move on with renewed confidence to our objective, though its completion must wait until peace comes again.

"In the meantime, the club branches will be able to picnic and hold meetings and serve afternoon tea to passers-by in the week-ends, thus adding to the funds without interfering with our war effort."

Even those who know Mrs. Stelzer best are amazed by the amount of work she, as president of the Happiness Club, is able to accomplish.

Hundreds of individual calls for help are answered by her in person. All the activities of the 50 branches have to be supervised, and there are few charities that have not received her co-operation and assistance.

Since the war began the club has knitted 3000 pairs of socks, and has provided 3000 armbands for the military.

Each big day held in Sydney has found members of the Happiness Club conducting stalls and chocolate wheels and selling badges.

War effort

ON the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Day the club was responsible for raising £1000, and the individual branches through their own efforts added considerably to that sum.

At present Mrs. Stelzer is taking part in the annual table-setting contest arranged to assist the funds of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Each day members are on duty collecting votes.

Recently an appeal from Father Dunlea's Boys' Town brought the 2GB Happiness Club into action on its behalf.

The boys were given a day's picnic and the larder and linen chest were restocked.

The Red Cross, Lady Gowrie's War Appeal, and the Y.W.C.A. are other movements the club has assisted during the year.

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The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is tailor-cut and tailor-made, to your own measurements, of beautifully figured corset fabric to reduce and control the figure in comfort and safety. NOT made of rubber. The Figure Control Corset is a corset that will NEVER let you down.

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WOMEN HAVE FOUND NEW FREEDOM: Every day of the month can be full, active, untroubled. Comfortable, safe, certain, Tampax is recommended by doctors as the most hygienic means to sanitary protection. More women every week are proving it. Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton-wool, hygienically sealed in patent applicator. You actually forget you're wearing Tampax—it's so simple to use, can be removed in an instant, and is immediately disposable; it absolutely prevents the formation of odour; remains securely in place even during strenuous exercise.

HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 9d.; packet of 6, 1/6; large, economical-size packet of 10, 2/-. Easy instructions enclosed.

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Tampax is approved by doctors and women's specialists, and is accepted for advertising by the Medical Journal of Australia, the British Medical Journal, and the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere — or use coupon.

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Sanitary Protection

WORN INTERNALLY

SEND 9P in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 980 CC, G.P.O., Sydney.
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For lovely hair. FREE OFFER 3d. packet of famous Camilla-tone Tonrinz sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair. .....

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Amami Nail Varnish will give your nails a perfect polish — will not crack, chip or peel off. Remove old varnish with Amami Nail Varnish Remover. Then, every day after washing, rub into the skin some Amami Hand Jelly. Non-greasy, non-sticky, it will vanish in 30 seconds and leave your hands petal-smooth, whiter, delicately scented. Amami products are obtainable everywhere.

AMAMI

HAND JELLY | NAIL VARNISH

The Case of WINIFRED B_

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is *NOT* a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and *naturally* — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

Women also Serve..

Central teashop funds help maintain canteens

IN a pleasantly sunny room at No. 23 Rowe Street, Sydney, a band of voluntary workers each day serve meals and sell home-grown produce.

Funds from the little teashop go to the Catholic United Services Association, which maintains 11 canteens for soldiers at various camps and opposite St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.

"We need all the gifts that we can get for the teashop," said Miss B. Murphy, one of the helpers.

"Parcels of home-made jam, pickles, butter and eggs come in fresh every day. Even a side of bacon is sent sometimes, and of course home-made cakes are always acceptable."

The teashop is only one of the many sources from which C.U.S.A. maintains its many canteens.

President of C.U.S.A. is Mrs. F. J. O'Neill, and there are 8000 members.

Meals served to soldiers at the canteens have reached more than 18,000.

MISS M. MURPHY (left) and her sister, Miss B. Murphy, take their turn as voluntary helpers at the Catholic United Services Association tearoom.

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Younger Set formed for Sailors and Soldiers' League

NEWLY formed in Brisbane is the Younger Set of the Women's Auxiliary of the R.S.S.I.L.A. Members are required to be on duty once a week at the Soldiers' Club in the City Hall to entertain and serve food to soldiers.

A dance or social is held regularly to raise funds to provide further comforts for the troops and to help with the expenses of the club rooms.

Miss Jean Ford is the president, Miss Joan Dodsworth the secretary, and Miss O. Young the treasurer.

Miss Ford is also very interested in Girl Guide work. She has her own Guide company constantly working for soldiers.

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Guild of Spinners provide wool for knitters

SIXTEEN spinning-wheels are in full swing every Tuesday and Friday at the Adelaide Rundle Street headquarters of the "Guild of Spinners," recently formed by the South Australian Country Women's Association.

Under the direction of the Guild convener, Mrs. M. C. Dunstan, members spin wool for military requirements. They also give demonstrations of spinning to people who wish to learn. No charge is made for these lessons, but people who learn are asked to produce a certain amount of spun wool for the Guild in six months.

Demonstrators are being sent out into the country to give lessons to C.W.A. branches. The first demonstration was given by Miss Ann Mitchell, at Narung. This was followed by a tour of the south-east by Miss Elsie Armitage.

An anonymous donation of £50 enabled the Guild to get started. Fleeces sent in by members have also helped tremendously, and are very welcome, especially if they are black. Small sums are being raised by the sale of wheels which the Guild is having constructed.

Adopted Australian minesweepers for the duration

MEMBERS of the Melbourne Little Theatre have formed themselves into a patriotic group to work for the minesweepers round the Australian coast for the duration.

"We have 'adopted' about 126 men," said Mrs. George Bell, president of the group, "and our main aim is to supply them with extra comforts not included in the Australian Comforts Fund list.

"We have just sent a billiard table to Queenscliff, an electric iron to one ship, an electric toaster to another, and now we are helping to fit up a club-room at Swan Island."

The Little Theatre Group is divided into two sections. The junior group arranges dances, golf and tennis tournaments, and other entertainments to raise money to buy wool and supply the comforts, while the senior members knit mittens, socks, caps and spiral socks. Navy pullovers with polo collars are also supplied to the men, but to save time these are machine knitted.

Books and magazines are sent to the minesweepers. "We find out what type of reading matter is most popular among those on a particular ship or island and see that they get their favorites," said Mrs. Bell. "'Readers' Digest' is first favorite with most, but Gabo Island men ask specially for thrillers."

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Is working as pay clerk in territorial service

MISS CYNTHIA WETTENHALL, of Melbourne, is serving with the Women's Army Territorial Service in England.

For nearly four months she has been in the army, assigned to the Pay Corps. She had volunteered as a motor driver, but being in the army she found she had to do what she was told. Her last letter came from her station in Winchester.

"We are billeted now in a Rest Home, and there are about 80 of us altogether," she wrote.

"We leave here at 8 a.m. every day and walk twenty minutes to our office in the Pay Corps and back again to lunch. Our day's work finishes at 8 p.m.

"The other day we had practice in using the stirrup-pump for putting out incendiary bombs. It is like a tyre-pump, stuck in a bucket of water. One person pumps and the other runs out with the hose and lies flat on the ground and sprays all round the bomb."

At the outbreak of war, Miss Wettenhall joined up with the Auxiliary Air Raid Service of the Fire Brigade in Leicester, and was taken on as a telephonist, although she is left-handed. She worked eight-hour shifts with another girl for seven days a week in a concrete, sandbagged building.

When an air-raid warning was given, a yellow light showed on the disc—enemy approaching—and Miss Wettenhall's job was to plug in to all other exchanges in Leicester.

Later the white all-clear light signal shone, and was passed on in turn.

Turned tennis club into sewing bee

SOMETIMES as many as six sewing-machines are working all day at Mrs. Duncan McWhirter's sewing bee at her home at Ascot, Brisbane.

She decided to transform her tennis club into a sewing bee as soon as war was declared.

Members have considerably increased in the last few months.

At first meetings were held only once a week. Now the demand for work is so great that two days are needed.

The group includes Mrs. Phil Allom, Mrs. Tom Ware, Mrs. A. G. Anderson, Mrs. R. Laffan, Mrs. Roy Tritton, Mrs. B. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Marshall Jones, Mrs. Gordon Lahey, Mrs. Warwick Whatmore, and Mrs. E. Tooth.

Mrs. McWhirter does the cutting out, and different work such as buttonholes, making shirts and pyjamas is allotted to each person.

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Country women raise £4000 for Red Cross drive

UNDER the leadership of the Mayoress, Mrs. L. R. De Garis, women of Naracoorte, S.A., have responded splendidly to the call for money for patriotic funds—particularly the Red Cross.

Mrs. De Garis is officer in charge of V.S.D.'s, president of the Red Cross, patron of the J.R.C. Younger Set, president of the Country Women's Association, and an energetic worker for the Comforts Fund.

She recently handed over a cheque for £4000, raised by women in the south-east for the Lady Gowrie Red Cross drive. Another pleasant task during her visit to Adelaide was the presenting of another cheque for £240 to provide the Red Cross Convalescent Hostel at Glenelg with 24 beds. The money was raised by the V.S.D.'s.

When a mannequin parade was held recently it returned a profit of £30.

The women workers enlisted the help of their husbands and sons for a second show, in which the men staged a burlesque parade.

This raised another £30.

Precious Charm

To guard your feminine charm, use only a long-lasting perspiration check—one that will not wash off in the bath, that will not fail you in hot weather, during nervous excitement or exercise.

Liquid Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It safely and surely checks underarm perspiration. It is not *quicker* to use, but it is *surer*. It comes in two strengths: Regular and Instant.

ODO-RO-NO

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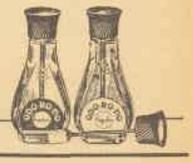

End irritating ECZEMA

You can find instant relief from the itching, fiery torture usually accompanying this condition and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle, soothing medicaments and mild antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority. Rexona Soap, containing the same mild medication, is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

CONQUERS ASTHMA Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes 3/- 6/- and 12/-

SPARKLING TONES to lifeless hair

Simple to use but delightful in result, the Camilatone Beauty Routine is the answer to every beauty-loving woman's wish. Camilatone shampoo to cleanse without bleaching; then Tonrinz to enrich the colour. You'll be delighted. Special Camilatone shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6d. each. Additional Tonrinz separately at 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR with Camilatone BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

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W.W. 19/10/'40.

Don't Ask Questions

He had thought that Tweedsbury was stupid until he asked that question, but now his yellowish-brown eyes came into sharp focus and his mouth beneath his toothbrush moustache looked keen and hard. "I've been wondering," he said. "No reason, now, is there, that anyone should want to kill you?"

"None that I know of," Leonard said. "What makes you ask?"

"Just a thought that flashed across my mind," Tweedsbury answered. "Odd the way thoughts flash. Mind if I ask you something else? You're positive, quite positive, that you're not going to Chica for anything except mosquitoes?"

"Absolutely," Leonard said. "Why should that worry you, Tweedsbury?"

"It does," said Tweedsbury. "For instance, now, I keep wondering, wouldn't it be odd if certain persons were mistaking you for me? Comical idea, isn't it, mistaking you for me?"

"It couldn't be done," Leonard said.

"No," said Tweedsbury, "not actually. Yet you have the lean and hungry look—brass hat, Army Intelligence. Now, someone ought to try to kill me, really. I might make things hot for somebody. Frankly, Birch, it worries me—just the thought that you might be taking punishment for me. You know, it might be just as well if you didn't get off at Chica."

"Someone else just told me that," Leonard said.

Tweedsbury leaned forward quickly and abruptly. "Who?" he asked.

"The little blonde," said Leonard, "the cosmopolitan girl."

Tweedsbury whistled softly. "I say," he said, "did she give a reason?"

"No definite reason," Leonard said. "Can you?"

Mr. Tweedsbury spoke softly and quickly. "Revolution," he said. "Change of dictators. Certain forces trying to get Prisca out. Trying to get a new man in, favorable to the totalitarians. Agents on the way with money. Headquarters at Santa Rosa. I'm to look it over."

"Aren't you talking too much?" Leonard asked.

"Only pointing out the facts," Tweedsbury said. "Better stay out of Chica until the funny business is over. No place for you or Winnie."

"Thanks for the advice," said Leonard. "It won't do any good."

"So seldom does," said Tweedsbury. "I say, where is Winnie? It's tiffin time. Do you mind if I go looking for her?"

"I wish you would," said Leonard. "I wish you'd take her to lunch."

Mr. Tweedsbury looked surprised. "What?" he said. "Not lunching?"

"Not just now," Leonard said.

Mr. Tweedsbury drew a deep breath. He was about to speak again, but some second thought must have stopped him. He stood up and peered about the smoking-room. "Just let me know," he said, "if anything should trouble you."

"Thanks," said Leonard, and he sat down again.

Leonard beckoned to one of the bar boys and asked to see the wireless news. He recalled that a paper containing brief dispatches had been placed under his door that morning, but he had neglected to read it. Now he picked it up. It consisted of pages printed and prepared at the home port, and at the beginning had been inserted a page of mimeographs giving brief digests of the wireless dispatches. In the centre of the mimeographed page special emphasis had been given to one dispatch:

Trade agreement with Chica. The lie may now be given to all rumors that German influences are plotting secretly against the government of Chica. On the contrary, a commercial representative of the Reich is now on his way to confer with President Prisca regarding certain trade agreements which should make the relationships of the two countries even more cordial than they are at present. The negotiations will centre about the beginning of some large and interesting commercial developments.

Something made Leonard glance quickly up from the ship's newspaper. Mr. Wagner was standing beside him with his hands in his pockets, smiling.

"Ah, Doctor Birch," Mr. Wagner said. "I'm sorry about this morning. That man was a clumsy fool."

"Oh, no," said Leonard. "Don't say that. Accidents will happen."

"Yes," said Mr. Wagner, "accidents will happen. I hope it does not spoil your pleasure, Doctor Birch."

"You know, I remember you now," Leonard said.

Mr. Wagner continued to smile. "Ah," he said, "that does not seem possible."

"At an apartment in Berlin," said Leonard. "You were with the secret police. You were in civilian clothes. You asked me for my passport. You were most considerate."

Mr. Wagner grew thoughtful. A small vertical wrinkle appeared between his eyes. He seemed to be trying to remember.

"It is strange," he said. "I have as a rule a good memory for names and faces. I am trying to think whom you might have confused me with. I have been told that I have a typical Prussian face."

"There is the dueling scar," Leonard said.

Continued from page 9

"Oh," said Mr. Wagner, "but that is also typical. It is someone else you saw, I am very sure."

"It makes no difference," said Leonard slowly. "If I did see you, it's all I know about you."

"There is nothing to know about me," Mr. Wagner said. "I am simply a humble representative of a great steamship line, examining a few American ports in its interest. Please do not confuse me with police. You will make me frightened."

"I must be wrong then," Leonard said. "One makes mistakes so easily. I suppose there may be persons who think that I have some subtle purpose in going so suddenly to Chica, that I am looking for submarine bases or gun emplacements. I am not in the police either. I am only looking for mosquitoes."

"I am so sorry," Mr. Wagner answered, "but I must take my departure, my dear Doctor Birch. Sometime later in the day, this evening, perhaps, we may have an opportunity for a more extended conversation."

"I hope so," said Leonard.

"Good-bye for the present, my dear Doctor Birch," Mr. Wagner said.

Leonard sighed and folded the paper containing the ship's news carefully.

"It's a funny gallery of people," he was thinking, "very funny." He beckoned to the bar steward again.

"Another dry martini," he said.

He turned and looked about the room as he sat there waiting for his order. He had a strange sensation that he was being watched, although the passengers at the tables were talking loudly and no one was paying him the least attention. Then he saw the reason. Another passenger had stepped in from the deck. It was Mr. Awara, blinking as though his eyes were not accustomed to the change of light. With one hand he was stroking his black moustache. Just as the steward with his little tray and a single glass was walking towards Leonard's table, Mr. Awara saw Leonard and waved his hand.

"Doctor Birch," Mr. Awara said, "may I join you, please?" and he reached awkwardly for a chair. The steward was just behind him and Mr. Awara's shoulder collided with the tray, and the tray and the glass fell at his feet.

"So sorry," said Mr. Awara. "So very, very clumsy of me."

"Will you join me?" Leonard asked. "We can order another. There's no harm done."

"Yes," said Mr. Awara, "with pleasure. Just a little lemon squash for me, please," and Mr. Awara sat down.

"I am happy that I saw you," he said gently. "From the deck I saw you talk to Mr. Wagner, and I did not wish to interrupt. I am relieved that I saw you and the girl with yellow hair."

"How do you mean," Leonard asked, "you're relieved you saw me?"

Mr. Awara smiled and drew in his breath gently between his teeth. "So relieved," he repeated, "Doctor Birch. I think it would be nicer if you did not touch your fresh drink when it arrives. It will be the same as the one I spilled."

"What?" said Leonard.

"Much nicer," Mr. Awara repeated, "if you did not touch your drink—not for a little while." Mr. Awara laughed, as though he had said something very funny. "I have been looking for you," he said, "because I have been taking pictures all morning. I am interested in photography." He reached in his pocket and drew out a small camera, which he placed upon the table. "I am going down to have those pictures developed now. I think it would amuse you if you came with me, and you can help if the photographer does not understand."

"Look here——" Leonard began.

The steward was back. He placed the drinks on the table between them and moved away.

"Please," said Mr. Awara, "I shall sign the bill. It is really such a pleasure . . . Now dip your finger, by accident, in the glass. By accident—the man is still watching us—and smell a drop. Then you will understand me better."

Leonard raised a finger to his nostrils . . .

"Please," said Mr. Awara, "do not look surprised. I have admired your behaviour so much. It will probably be one of the cyanide derivatives. If you drink, the effect would be immediate. The doctor would call it a heart attack, of course. Please compose yourself, Doctor Birch."

"Look here——" Leonard began again.

Mr. Awara raised his hand in polite entreaty. "Please," he said, "let us not talk so loudly. When I saw you enter here with Miss Bailey I concluded that there would be another attempt. When Mr. Wagner saw you reading the ship's news I was still more sure. One must face such facts calmly. Everything will be simpler for you when we have the photographs developed. I think we had better go now, if you will come with me, please."

"I don't exactly see the point," Leonard said. "I'm going to see the captain of this ship."

Mr. Awara leaned forward quickly.

"No," he said, "not immediately, please. It would not be prudent now. Please listen, Doctor Birch." A curtain seemed to have fallen over Mr. Awara's eyes. They seemed opaque and dull, but his voice was sharper. "You must come with me, Doctor Birch, I think, if you wish to stay alive. You must do exactly what I ask you. It is so very important."

"Very well," said Leonard, because Mr. Awara was suddenly very earnest. He followed Mr. Awara out on the deck and then down the broad stairway past the shop, down past the purser's office where the typewriters were clicking, down to B Deck, and finally to D. They walked aft down a long passageway.

Leonard touched Mr. Awara's shoulder. "Awara," he said softly, "did you take a picture of that bucket falling?" Mr. Awara's teeth shone beneath the electric lights.

"I thought that you would see," he said softly. "Simply walk behind me and do what I tell you very quickly, if it is necessary."

There was no time to argue and no time to inquire into Mr. Awara's intentions. They were nearly at the end of the passageway and Mr. Awara's entire attitude had changed. He had been walking noisily and jerkily, but now his step became smooth and catlike. They were approaching a door at the end of the passage. Upon it was written in German, with the English translation beneath, Photographer and Darkroom.

Mr. Awara glanced hastily over his shoulder. Then he beckoned to Leonard and whispered very softly. "When the door opens throw your shoulder against it very hard. We must go inside quickly."

He leaned towards the door, listening, and Leonard could hear voices—a woman's and a man's—speaking loudly in German.

"You must burn it," the woman's voice was saying.

"No," the man was answering loudly, sullenly. "I keep it just in case."

"But, Karl," the woman's voice continued, "I tell you that I love you. He will kill you if he knows you have a picture. It is too dangerous."

Mr. Awara raised his hand and knocked on the door. The voices stopped. There was a sound of a scuffle and a sharp exclamation.

"Give it to me," Leonard heard the woman say. "Quickly, Karl, you fool."

An instant later the door was opened.

"Now," said Mr. Awara, and he threw his weight against it. They half stumbled into a pleasant little cabin, the photographer's shop.

Please turn to page 38

MY SUE A "SNIVELLER"

Sue was thin, pale and always snivelling . . . until the doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep.

DOES your child just pick at her food? Is she in the habit of "snivelling"? Does she look thin, pale? Then start her on Horlicks right away. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes dullness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children adore the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with the Horlicks mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6, big economy size, 2/9. Special pack containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin of Horlicks, 2/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

YOUR GOOD TOOLS NEED "3-IN-ONE" OIL PROTECTION FOR BETTER AND LONGER SERVICE

3-IN-ONE Oil

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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

£1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

THINK AHEAD

THE children of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow, and it is the duty of parents to prepare their minds for the aftermath of war.

The parents of to-day were the youth of the hectic years that followed the last war, and they know the pitfalls of those days, when the world was possessed of a frenzy for careless spending and pleasure.

Consequently they should teach their children a greater love and understanding of the freedom for which our men are fighting.

They should know how to honor and not abuse that freedom, so that they will have something firm to cling to when the world goes mad again with joy.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. D. Knight, 37 Nandewar St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

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TOO MUCH SPORT

ARE we real sports, or is sport making sport of us?

At one time, games were for recreation—that is, re-creation of or rebuilding energy. Now they are carried to such an extent that we see jaded nerves, neglected duties, and a real desire to shirk responsibility.

Much of the so-called enthusiasm is only a desire to escape boredom, the result of a surfeit of unintellectual pastimes.

Mrs. E. James, 61 Short St., Perth.

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WRONG SALES TALK

IT is very annoying to be persistently told by shop assistants: "That does suit you, Madam!" when it is quite obvious that the reverse is the case.

Do they think that every woman is gullible enough to accept that sort of insincerity?

Personally, I feel disinclined to buy when I suspect this "sale at any price" attitude.

Miss R. M. McCauley, West End Hotel, Townsville, Qld.

Why daughters shoulder care of parents

IT is only right, Mrs. E. McRae (28/9/'40), that one member of the family should, if possible, care for an aged parent or parents, but that member of the family, if a daughter, should be provided for.

It is an old idea, and quite wrong,

Assumes full responsibility.

to leave the estate to the sons. Usually they are more able to provide for their families and themselves than a woman is able to earn her living and provide for her old age.

Mrs. M. Kennedy, 154 Maribyrnong Rd., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.

Think of self

NO mother should expect a girl to sacrifice her life for her. A girl should get married and provide a couple of spare rooms, so that if necessary her mother could be near her and have an air of independence.

At the same time the daughter could be ensuring her own future.

E. M. Foote, 21 Fort Ave., Corryton, Magill, S.A.

Can be shared

A TRUE parent should be only too pleased to see her daughters happily married and in their own homes, and have the assurance that when the girls become old they, too, will have families to look after them.

The aged parent should be the care of all the family, whether sons or daughters.

Mrs. L. C. Spence, 9 Coburg St., Coburg, Vic.

Careless spenders and their place at home

IT is quite correct, E. J. Vincentine (28/9/'40), that there are a number of families, one member of which is an irresponsible spender.

Such persons periodically fall back on some member of their family to get them out of their financial difficulties.

There is just one cure for the persons who are so irresponsible, charming though they may be.

They must be reminded of their duties, on a "take it or leave the home" basis.

Miss G. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Other benefits

THERE might be something to be said for the financially irresponsible member of the family.

Usually he or she is thoughtful over many other things, and a cheerful companion who lacks the "littleness" of mind that often marks the person who is money-conscious.

Usually, though the spender has to be rescued sometimes from a perilous financial situation, there is no one readier to come to the aid of anyone else in a similar plight.

Mrs. G. Browning, St. Kilda St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

War-work help offered but no call made

WE were asked to fill in National Register forms, offering our services as war workers and giving our qualifications for work.

It seems our responses have been shelved.

Now they are so much waste-paper, and yet there is an urgent request to save it.

So far I have not heard of a single instance in which a woman offering her services through this medium has been called upon.

As a worker in England during the last war, I am hoping that my specialised knowledge will some time be put to use to help in this war.

Mrs. M. Spraggon Benson, c/o Mrs. Pettiford, Church St., West Wyalong, N.S.W.

Refuse to help

I THINK it would be kindness to the irresponsible member of a family for the other members to refuse to help.

There will be no improvement at all in his character or ways just so long as he has anyone to rely on.

However, if he had to take the consequences a few times of his own recklessness, the very selfishness of his nature would put "self" first and call a halt to some of the expenses.

Mrs. H. Naylor, 86 March St., Orange, N.S.W.

Deceitful

EVERY family has a selfish member.

Such people have a deceitful charm which serves to cover up their failings.

The other members of the family should not let themselves be taken in because they encourage the selfish one.

Mrs. A. F. Dixon, 61 Robinson St., Malvern, Vic.

Are shielded

PARENTS often try to protect the "spenders" of the family to shield them from themselves. It is a natural instinct towards a person who is weak.

Of course they should not give way to the irresponsible child, but should reason with him, so that they do not lose the love and respect of the other members of the family.

Mrs. Alex Stanton, Rosedale, Boundary Rd., Cooper's Plains, Qld.

Critics discuss those card players

A SOCIAL game of cards with not much money at stake is a very pleasant way of spending lonely hours, Mrs. Crees (28/9/'40).

There is so much to make us become serious thinkers these days that a small game of cards is a very good

Keeps mind off worries.

way of entertaining friends who may not be musical and perhaps not conversationalists.

Many hospitals, orphanages, and now war efforts are supplemented by these card parties.

Aileen M. Riordan, Gibbs St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Prevents worry

CARD playing is one of the most popular (and best) forms of recreation for those who do not care for the more energetic pastimes.

Also, a game of cards has the added benefit of taking one's mind off worries—real or imaginary—and it teaches the art of concentration.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Become boring

THE aptly called "bridge fiends" are among the worst types of social bores.

Though they may find it interesting to talk about hands they played yesterday, no one else is in the slightest degree entertained.

Women who become obsessed with card playing often neglect their homes and children.

C. L. Graham, P.O., Hamilton, Brisbane.

SURPRISE PARTIES

SURPRISE parties always seem foolish to me.

Every girl likes to look her best at a party given in her honor, and if she knows it is coming she can buy a new frock or have her hair set.

If, however, she knows nothing about it, she has not a chance to do any of those things which matter so much to a girl.

There was one case I know of where a girl, unknown to her friends, had all her teeth out in the morning.

That evening they arrived to give her a surprise party!

Jean R. Wilson, 367 Angas St., Adelaide.

❖ ❖ ❖

BAD MANNERS

WHILE waiting to be served in a restaurant, I was astonished to see the number of well-dressed girls who hadn't the faintest idea of holding their knives and forks correctly.

It was appalling also to see how some of them "wolfed" their food.

Is this lack of table manners due to the fault of the parents, or carelessness on the part of the individual?

I've often watched children gulping down their meals, and using atrocious table manners, while the parents make no effort to correct them.

Miss Margaret Watson, 27 Haig Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

TRAIN FOR JOBS

I THOUGHT the antiquated idea that boys should be better educated than girls was dead, but it was resurrected recently in my hearing, by men, of course.

"Girls don't need an education. They marry!" was their statement.

Surely in these troublous times a girl should be equipped to fend for herself whether she marries or not. In any case marriage isn't a guarantee that she won't have to earn her own living. And why should a clever girl be penalised in favor of a less brilliant brother merely because of her sex?

Mrs. J. R. McNamara, 33 Bringa Ave., E. Camberwell, Vic.

MOTHER SAYS

I'VE GIVEN BABY REXONA CARE EVER SINCE SHE WAS BORN. ITS GENTLE MEDICATIONS KEEP HER SKIN AND HAIR LOVELY!

EXPERTS in child study advise Rexona Soap because its special compound of mild medications — Cadyl — helps to maintain the *natural* beauty of baby's skin. Rexona can help your skin, too, to loveliness! Its medicated lather clears the pores of germ-laden impurities—leaves the skin radiant with health.

REXONA

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Complete Skin Treatment

Persistent skin troubles need the marvellous curative treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

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JOINT PAINS

Mrs. E. F. writes: *"I suffered 5 years from painful joints, backache and rheumatism, due to my kidneys being out of order. I felt very run-down and depressed. My work and the children were too much for me. I thought I would try De Witt's Pills. I was amazed after taking them at the wonderful change in my health. I can do a day's work without fatigue, and backaches and aching joints are things of the past."*

Even my children were too much for me, until I tried De Witt's Pills

Joint pains and backache warn you that your kidneys are out of order. They are sluggish—not filtering the poisons and impurities out of the system. If you don't restore the kidneys to health you may soon find yourself with painful, crippling rheumatic swellings in the joints and muscles.

To get those kidneys working normally again take De Witt's Pills. They cleanse away accumulated poisons—and they actually tone up and strengthen the kidneys. You get visible proof of the *direct action* of De Witt's Pills within 24 hours after the first dose. With kidneys restored to healthy activity your pain will be a thing of the past.

De Witt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices—1/9, 3/- and 5/9. Start to get well TO-DAY.

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★ *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

★ *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft and velvety-smooth, without a trace of ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves.

★ *New 'Veet'* is a dainty, white cream, sweetly-scented, clean and delightfully pleasant to use.

★ *New 'Veet' weakens growth*—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow back faster and coarser. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

The Australian Women's Weekly
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Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 36

"CLOSE the door, please," Mr. Awara said, and Leonard closed it. The photographer had been pushed back into the centre of the room. His face was blank with surprise, and Leonard saw that Miss Nera Bailey was standing beside the showcase, holding a match in one hand and in the other a small oblong of celluloid which had burst into a smoky flame.

She looked at them and smiled and dropped the oblong at her feet. "Oh," she said, "hello. Are you looking for a picture? You're just too late! I've always been careless with matches."

Mr. Awara moved suddenly and spoke as he moved. "Doctor Birch," he said, "put your hand over the lady's mouth." As he spoke he sprang upon Karl, who still stood in the centre of the little room. Leonard seized Miss Bailey's arm, but she did not struggle.

"The man must be crazy," she said. "Why should I make any noise?"

Karl, the photographer, gave a sharp gasp of pain.

"Be quiet," said Mr. Awara, "or I shall have to break your arm. Sit in that chair, please." As Leonard watched, Karl stumbled backward into the chair. Mr. Awara held the heavy man impaled with one hand while with the other he snatched off first his necktie and then his belt.

"He's very clever," Miss Bailey said. Except for Miss Bailey's quiet voice no one spoke while Mr. Awara moved swiftly about the chair. Karl's hands were tied behind him and his feet secure, and a handkerchief was in his mouth.

Mr. Awara turned towards Leonard and Miss Bailey and rubbed his hands. "Excuse my rudeness, please," he said. "I do not wish interference for a few minutes."

"My dear friend," Miss Bailey said, "you're wasting your time if you're going to make a search. It was very silly of Karl to take the picture, but it can't hurt anyone now."

Mr. Awara's black head bobbed forward in a courteous bow. "You are so very understanding," he said, "and ladies in this business are generally so very difficult. Excuse me, please. I do not wish a picture. I wish to make one of my own," and Mr. Awara took his camera from his pocket and laid it gently on the glass counter. "I intend no rudeness," he said. "Miss Bailey, will you please sit down?"

Leonard felt the girl's body stiffen. "What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"I must tie her up," Mr. Awara said to Leonard. "I must not be disturbed. I am so sorry to be rude, but I am sure Miss Bailey understands. A regrettable difference of opinion between myself and Mr. Wagner. Here are some towels which will be adequate."

"Yes," she said, "very well. It's simply a matter of business, Doctor Birch. I'll be much obliged if you don't spoil my clothes. Our people are close with expense accounts."

Mr. Awara picked up his camera and opened the door which led to the darkroom. "I shall not be long," he said. "Please sit quietly and watch them, Doctor Birch."

For the first time since he had encountered Mr. Awara in the smoking-room Leonard had an opportunity to think. He stood watching Miss Bailey and Karl, and listening to Mr. Awara moving about in the darkroom beyond. There had been a cold-blooded efficiency about the whole affair, and one aspect was both lucid and incomprehensible to him. He was certain that Mr. Awara for some reason was taking steps to help him.

He did not know how much time elapsed before Mr. Awara reappeared, because he seemed to have lost the necessary perspective for judging time or action, but finally Mr. Awara in his shirt-sleeves and bright purple braces opened the darkroom door.

"Everything is so very well arranged in there," he said. "Such nice developing facilities, and there is a magnifying apparatus upon the counter. The film is so small in these miniature cameras. I shall bring it and we shall look. Excuse me."

In half a minute Mr. Awara was back with his coat neatly buttoned. He was holding a short ribbon of film. "It is dry enough, I think," he said, "but the figures are so small it is necessary to see it magnified."

He stepped over to the counter where an elaborate instrument stood, evidently a device for making enlargements. Mr. Awara switched on a light and put the film into a holder and manipulated the lens. He stood for a second staring through the eyepiece, and then he drew his breath.

"So interesting," he said. "I am quite pleased with my little camera. The man on the mast is very clear. He is leaning, looking downward, dropping the bucket. No one can doubt his intention. Look, please, Doctor Birch. You can see him, endeavoring to kill you." He motioned to Leonard, and Leonard squinted through the eyepiece, but he saw nothing except white light. The exposure was completely blank.

"You see," he heard Mr. Awara saying, "it is a beautiful exposure."

Leonard cleared his throat. "Yes," he said. "I see." He straightened up.

Mr. Awara took the film and put it carefully in his pocket. "It is complete proof. I think," he said, "it would only be necessary to show this to a few passengers, and a complaint must be made to the captain. So we are finished now. If you will help Miss Bailey, I shall help the man. It is permissible now to let them go." Miss Bailey stretched her arms and rubbed her wrists carefully. Karl, the photographer, started to speak.

"Be quiet, Karl," Miss Bailey said.

"After you, Doctor Birch," Mr. Awara said. "It is possible now to leave, since we have been permitted to develop a picture. Thank you very much."

Mr. Awara did not speak until they were halfway down the passage, and then he spoke casually, as though nothing peculiar had occurred.

"That went very nicely," he said. "People in the business are generally sensible in their judgments. The young lady was calm, the man reasonable. I think you will be quite safe aboard ship now, Doctor Birch. Nothing further can certainly be ventured, now they know there is a picture."

"But there isn't a picture—" Leonard began.

Mr. Awara smiled. "Doctor Birch," he said, "that is why it is amusing. Not for me or you, but for them there is a picture. If you will just stay with me for a little while you will know there is one. You will know in five minutes, I am sure."

"I don't exactly see—" Leonard began.

"Not at the present," said Mr. Awara, "but you will see. It has hurt me to think of your being killed. I should much rather see you alive, Doctor Birch."

"Why?" Leonard asked him.

Mr. Awara laughed as though Leonard had said something very witty.

"I have always been fond of science, Doctor Birch. It has all been a mistake about you. Please, do not think of it any longer."

Leonard started to speak, but Mr. Awara interrupted him.

"Doctor Birch," he said, "I dislike affairs like these when they are managed badly. There would have been so much talk, but look—I said that everything would end correctly. Look at the little boy in buttons. He is coming towards us now. There is only one more thing I wish to say, Doctor Birch. From now on I am very sure you will be very safe aboard this ship, but you must not land at Santa Rosa. It will not be safe for you in Chica, Doctor Birch—not at present."

"So you're telling me not to get off at Santa Rosa?" Leonard asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Awara.

THEY had reached the promenade deck by then and a page boy stood in front of them.

"Doctor Birch," the boy said, "if you will follow me, please, sir. The captain's compliments and he desires to see you at once, in his quarters, if you please, sir."

"That is very nice," said Mr. Awara. "Go with the little boy. Do not worry any more."

Leonard followed the page boy up the private staircase which led to the officers' quarters and the bridge, and a minute later he was in the captain's sitting-room.

"Captain Schmidt," the page boy said, "Herr Doktor Birch."

The captain of the Erlkonig was a heavy man with a thick neck and beetling eyebrows, and his gold-braided uniform made him look still heavier. Captain Schmidt was not alone. He was seated near a desk and Mr. Wagner was beside him. Next to the captain, Mr. Wagner looked as lithe and poised as a circus gymnast. They both rose when Leonard entered, and clicked their heels and bowed, and the captain spoke slowly in a low voice which was ponderous with politeness.

"I am happy," Captain Schmidt said, "to make your acquaintance, Doctor Birch."

And Mr. Wagner smiled and nodded like an old friend. "We will not keep you long, Doctor Birch," he said.

"A very serious thing has happened, sir," the captain went on. "We thought you should be told at once."

"Yes," said Mr. Wagner, "a shocking incident. Fortunately, it is over and no harm has been done."

"What do you mean?" Leonard asked. "What sort of incident?"

"I think, captain," said Mr. Wagner, "that it would be well to be frank with Doctor Birch. The doctor is a man of the world. He will agree with us that it is no reflection on your ship or on the line."

CAPTAIN SCHMIDT coughed and continued slowly. "On such a large vessel, my dear Doctor Birch, although our crew is picked with the greatest care, accidents will happen beyond the control of ship's officers. It has just been discovered, not ten minutes ago, that we have a madman in the crew. It is not unusual for insanity to break out at sea; perhaps it is the life. You have seen the man, Doctor Birch. I do not wish you to be alarmed."

"No," said Mr. Wagner, "do not be alarmed."

Leonard lied. He was getting quite adept at lying. "I'm not alarmed," he said, "because I don't know what you mean."

"When your photograph was being taken," said Mr. Wagner, "a bucket was dropped."

"Oh," said Leonard, "that? Why, it was only an accident."

"No," said Mr. Wagner, "you were wrong. The man who dropped the bucket is insane. We have just had him before the doctor. He has gone quite mad. He tried to kill you, Doctor Birch, and then attempted the life of one of the crew."

"But you must not be uneasy, Doctor Birch," Captain Schmidt went on. "The man is now confined. I wish, on behalf of the line, to convey our profoundest apologies for any unpleasantness. I wish you to feel," he paused and added with greater emphasis, "that no more will happen."

"Don't worry about me," Leonard said. "I'm sorry for the man. Of course accidents will happen."

"We greatly appreciate your attitude," said Captain Schmidt.

"And we have taken the liberty of showing our appreciation," said Mr. Wagner, "for we hope you will not speak of it. It will only disturb the other passengers and spoil the happiness of the cruise."

"I shan't speak of it," Leonard said.

"Thank you," said Captain Schmidt, "many thanks. Your room is on D Deck; not a very comfortable room."

"It happens," said Mr. Wagner, "that there is a suite on A Deck available, with sitting-room and verandah. We hope that you and your gracious wife will move into it with the compliments of the line. Do not thank us, Doctor Birch. It does not equal our appreciation for your forbearance and understanding."

"We wish you to know," said Captain Schmidt, "that every care will be taken of you while aboard this ship, even should you decide to continue with us instead of leaving at Santa Rosa. You must give yourself over to an easy mind. You must have no further cause for worry while you are on the Erlkonig."

"Do not thank us," Mr. Wagner said again. "It is all a matter of the day's work. Perhaps you will join us in a bottle of wine. Captain Schmidt has a few choice bottles. His brother owns a vineyard."

"Ah, yes," said Captain Schmidt, "we must be better friends. May I ask you and your wife to join me at my table, Doctor Birch?"

Mr. Awara was waiting when Leonard descended the private staircase a half hour later. "I hope," said Mr. Awara, "that everything passed pleasantly."

"Yes," Leonard said, "it couldn't have been pleasanter."

"And now," said Mr. Awara, "let us have some lunch, for it is late."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

Librans—the people born between September 23 and October 24—have a natural tendency, mentally, to balance and weigh everything that comes their way.

IN some respects this is good. It develops judgment, refinement and wisdom above the average, and it is partly owing to these assets that they usually find themselves elevated to positions as advisers and instructors.

On the physical side their sense of balance helps the majority to become good dancers, graceful walkers, and successful workers in spheres of activity where poise and correctness of judgment are essential.

Hence it is that many make names for themselves as actors, actresses, mannequins, models, artists, designers, hosts or hostesses, architects, jugglers, and makers or sales-people in jewel or clothing spheres. Others make fine lawyers.

However, there are many who fail to make much of their lives until well advanced in years. This is due to their tendency to procrastinate through lack of decisiveness or as a result of allowing others to interfere in their plans and opinions.

Librans should not bow to the desires or opinions of others. They are intuitively wise and can keep a step ahead of their opponents if only they retain confidence in themselves.

Friendship and marriage are essential to the happiness of people born under this constellation. As a rule special harmony will be found in dealings with those born under the signs of Aquarius (January 20 to February 19), Gemini (May 22 to June 22), and with other Librans.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be patient and wise this coming week. Ser ienary Arians can get into plenty of trouble. Try to avoid partings, opposition, losses, and upsets. Do not start new ventures, and make no important changes, journeys, or promises, especially on October 22, 23, or 24.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Some difficult weeks ahead for many Taurians. Therefore, complete important matters on October 19, or let them wait weeks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Last call for aggressive action for some time to come. Get busy and seek the promotion or other gains desired by hard work on October 20 and 21. Be confident, enthusiastic, and wise.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Be patient a while longer, for after these weeks of difficulty and shadow better times will soon come. In fact, the morning of October 24 may prove helpful. But continue to act cautiously on October 22 and 23.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Breakers ahead! Action now in vital matters will prove unwise, particularly on October 24, 25, and 26. Take no risks and make no changes then. Dodge arguments.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular days for most Virgoans just now.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): October 20 and 21 can be used to very good account by lively Librans. Let your wits achieve some of your ambitions on these days. Seek favors, make changes, try to advance constructively.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): October 24 (morning) may prove very helpful, and October 22 and 23 just fair. Be cautious, and avoid upsets or changes on October 24 (after noon) and on October 25 and 26. Obstructions possible.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Just a week of days for most Sagittarians. October 20 and 21 can be rather poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Continue to be cautious, patient, and as wise as possible this coming week, especially on October 22, 23, and 24. Thereafter matters should improve slightly if you're not been rash.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Make the most of your good stars on October 20 and 21. Thereafter, you must live quietly and cautiously. Be especially wise and patient on October 24, 25, and 26. Losses and upset possible.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Good weeks ahead, Piscians, so cheer up. Plan to chase fortune in a big way. Meanwhile, October 24 (morning only), may produce opportunities.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in the Cockaigne prison with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, because of having tried to prevent the marriage of

PRINCESS NARDA: to

AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: The Duke has forced

PRINCE SEGRID: Narda's brother, to help him, and Narda, who is in love with Mandrake, agrees to the wedding on condition that Mandrake is freed. At the church

COUNT BRUMPH: The bearded best man, is late in arriving, and instead of handing the ring to Avery, suddenly handcuffs him and carries Narda to a waiting car. She then discovers that he is really Mandrake, who has escaped from the prison, and they hurry to the aerodrome, where Segrid and Lothar meet them. NOW READ ON.

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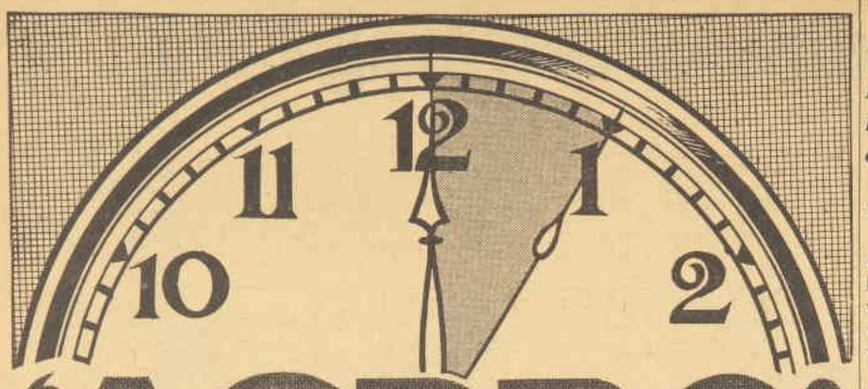

'ASPRO' Stops PAIN & HEADACHES in 5 MINUTES

Pain is common to all. Relief is desired by all. It is an everyday occurrence in households for someone to be the victim of a sudden seizure of violent pain.

Harmful drugs—narcotics or opiates do more harm than good. Countless millions of people of all nationalities rely on 'ASPRO' for pain relief. 'ASPRO' is more than wonderful—it is miraculous. There is nothing indefinite about 'ASPRO.' Its pain relief service is **QUICK—SAFE—EFFECTIVE** and **DEFINITE.** The action of 'ASPRO' is soothing—'ASPRO' soothes and soothes until the pain is gone. It has been proved that there are no harmful after effects from 'ASPRO,' and that it does not drug, dope or deaden the system. Use 'ASPRO' for Pain Relief as follows:—

'ASPRO' PAIN RELIEF CHART

1 HEADACHES
Take 2 or 3 tablets after meals, and 1 tablet every hour afterwards until Headache disappears.

2 RHEUMATISM
The amount of 'ASPRO' to be taken for this complaint must necessarily depend on the acuteness and stubbornness of the malady. From 2 to 4 tablets can be taken after meals with perfect safety.

3 NEURITIS
For this distressing complaint take 2 or 3 tablets four times a day, after meals for preference. Drink plenty of milk.

4 SCIATICA
Take 2 or 3 tablets three times a day, after meals, and 2 or 3 tablets at bedtime.

5 LUMBAGO
Take 2 or 3 tablets three times a day, after meals, and 2 or 3 tablets at bedtime.

6 NEURALGIA
Take 2 or 3 tablets after meals and 1 tablet every hour afterwards until all pain disappears.

7 NERVE PAINS
For any Nerve Shock 'ASPRO' is invaluable. It calms the nerves as nothing else can. Take 2 or 3 tablets when required.

8 EARACHE & TOOTHACHE
Take 2 or 3 tablets after meals and 1 tablet every hour afterwards until pain ceases. 30/40

A BOOK TO READ

Dramas of the neighbors in a crowded street

"A fat lot I care about old Hitler!"

This is how young Mrs. Herbert Thomms answers her husband's doubts about whether it is the right time for their child to arrive in the world.

Mrs. Thomms and her bus conductor husband are two of the people whose simple but tensely dramatic lives make Walter Allen's novel, "Living Space," seem like a chronicle of real people.

THE Thomms' live in Blenheim Terrace, in the working-class district of a typically English provincial town.

The terrace, with its small, crowded houses, seethes with their quarrels, scandals, tragedies, and romances.

Its presiding deity is old Mrs. Rowbotham, who watches over the lives of her neighbors with a vigorous, hard-boiled cynicism.

There is still-handsome Mrs. Carr, a one-time third-rate vaudeville actress who disguises her disappointment in her unambitious husband, her crippled son Eustace, and her handsome son David, who is still on the dole, with vague stories of her former greatness on the stage.

A few doors away live the Simpsons. Mr. Simpson is a milkman whose tragedy is to watch his living slowly vanishing against the competition of the co-operative dairies.

In contrast to his ineffectual laments is the go-getting spirit of his pretty blonde daughter, Gladys, who is determined to have a good time no matter what it costs, not herself, but the young men who take her out.

Old Mrs. Lane, a deeply religious woman, preserves her independence by scrubbing for other people until her gnarled hands look like tree roots. With her lives her only grandson, whose mother, revolting from the mean life of the little terrace, "went wrong."

Lovers' quarrel

CHRISTENED "Cockeye" by his schoolmates because of his squint, he is a brilliant mathematician, but his warped imagination—a case for a psychologist in a community that had the spare time to worry about such things—lands him in trouble with the police. "Cockeye" is the major tragedy of the book.

The Ogdens are getting out of the terrace soon. Mrs. Ogden's only son Geoffrey—poor Mr. Ogden just doesn't seem to exist, though he brings home his meagre tailor's assistant's pay every week—has made a success of schoolteaching and is going to buy a home for his beloved, possessive mother.

The two people old Mrs. Rowbotham is most devastatingly cynical about are the young lovers, Miriam and Stan. Miriam is a machinist and Stan a factory worker.

For four of the five days whose events make up the book Miriam and Stan have quarrelled. It is tremendous and heart-rending.

It is Miriam, feeling very ashamed of her lack of pride and deeply conscious of Mrs. Rowbotham watching from her window, who waits at the terrace corner to make it up with Stan.

She plays cricket with her young brother, Ron, to hide her real reason for waiting.

Their reunion is deeply moving, though not in the best poetic tradition.

"'It was my fault,' Miriam says. Stan says sturdily, 'I reckon it was my fault as much as yours.'

"They were silent again. Her heart beat with happiness. Oh, I'll be that good to him, she thought . . .

"'I reckon we ought to see that picture at the Odeon to-night,' Stan said. 'Old Edward G.'

"Her heart sang . . . 'Folk'll think us daft, standing here like this with the dinner getting cold,' she said."

Young Mr. Thomms, collecting his fares on the bus, is suffering tortures over his wife's confinement. Between trips he rings up the hospital and is appalled by their matter-of-fact calmness over this tremendous event in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thomms.

When he goes to the hospital his wife asks if he has seen the baby yet.

"He shook his head.

"'But you must, Herb,' she said indignantly. 'He's lovely.'

"'You're lovely,' he said.

"Her eyes smiled at him.

"'We'll call him Herbert,' she said.

"'Herbert's a silly name. If you don't get called Herb, they call you Bert.'

". . . They were silent again. They did not need words. Herbert watched her. She was far away, he knew that; smiling at her own secret thoughts, with a quiet radiance.

"He waited patiently. At last she whispered: 'Herb!'

"He leaned over towards her. 'Herb,' she whispered. 'We'll have another soon, won't we? A girl this time!'

"He was dumbfounded, licked to creation. He remembered that in the morning he had said: 'Never again, never.'

"But looking at her now, he knew that he could not say that. She was possessed of a pride which he did not understand, but it made him feel very humble. He looked away, ashamed, and then said: 'That's for you to decide, darling.'"

"Living Space," By Walter Allen. (Michael Joseph.)

Author V.A.D.

MONICA DICKENS, great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is working as a V.A.D. Miss Dickens made her debut as an author with her semi-biographical book, "One Pair of Hands." She has now written a topical novel, "The Moon Was Low," the life story of an English girl whose young husband joins the navy and goes to the war.

Clear Your Spotty Skin

KEEP DOWN UNHEALTHY FAT

Good looks can never be really attractive and inviting if your food tract is constipated. Accumulations of poisonous matter contaminate the blood stream, spoil the skin with spots and pimples, dull the eyes, form unhealthy fat tissue and make you feel despondent and depressed.

Never be careless or neglectful of constipation and congested liver. Health and attractiveness are too precious to be so endangered. Take Pinkettes, which are scientifically compounded of ingredients recognised as the best for the treatment of constipation and torpid liver. These pills painlessly encourage the bowels to exercise properly and disperse the digestive wastes regularly. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes will make to your eyes, skin, breath, looks and how unhealthy fat and despondency vanish. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle ***

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AZALEAS . . .

are flowering now

I KNOW of no other flowering shrub that offers a more magnificent prelude to the glories of summer or a more fitting climax to the pageant of spring than the azalea.

THE early varieties bloom in September and extend their flowering flush well into October. The later azaleas flower from October onwards, and many of them carry color well into the summer months.

And their festival of color and fragrance (for many of them are highly perfumed) has caused them to become very popular with Australians.

One of the chief reasons is their wonderful recuperative powers after a long, hot, dry season. The foliage wilts and hangs almost lifeless during the breathless days of January-March, but given cool conditions for its roots, and ample water, seldom fails to smother itself in bloom every year when the time comes along.

Even in our coldest districts this member of the rhododendron family will flourish right out in the open if given some protection from the fierce afternoon sunshine.

But like its taller, more robust cousin, the rhododendron, it makes its brightest, most floriferous display on the southern side of a wall or fence, or in the semi-shade of a tree that does not starve its roots.

Essentially a lime-hater, and a shrub that shows almost instant dislike to artificial manures, the azalea is a native of high, mountainous moraines, which means that the drainage must be good.

It used to be thought that nothing but the richest, peatiest soil suited this shrub, but I have grown it to perfection in poor, sandy soil which was merely enriched with leaf mould, shredded peat, and good garden loam.

Nothing suits azaleas better than a fine loam enriched with leaf mould which does not dry out in summer, but there is one thing above all others that the azalea, and the rhododendron, too, cannot withstand —stagnant soil.

It will grow in soil that is strongly acid, but let the moisture stand there too long and the shrub shows distress.

The best azaleas and rhododendrons I have ever seen were growing on the slopes of a dell under a light canopy of pines and a few scrubby oaks.

The foliage of these trees tempered the burning rays of the sun as well as reducing the risks of frosts. It is in the partial shade that rhododendrons show themselves to particular advantage.

Many of the newer hybrid azaleas have been introduced to Australia in recent years, and most of these do well if afforded a little more than ordinary care.

Pruning time for azaleas is immediately after the shrubs have finished flowering, but at no time, unless they have grown very unshapely, should they be cut back very hard. Just a trim up here and there wherever they require it and no more.

Azaleas suffer from die-back, a disease that has baffled biologists for years. In most cases, unless the trouble is very severe, the plants seem to outgrow the weakness, but young shrubs frequently die right out for no apparent reason.

I have personally noted that shrubs which have been allowed to dry out badly during summer months are the ones principally affected by die-back. This seems to suggest that the die-back condition is associated with neglect to provide ample water in hot weather.

Thrips are the worst insect pest infesting azaleas, but they rarely cause very severe damage unless present in plague form. Kerosene-soap emulsion is the best control for this pest.

As soon as the shrubs have finished flowering they should be thoroughly mulched with three or four inches of old cow or horse manure, dead leaves, vegetable compost or lawn trimmings. This material will help to retain the moisture and keep the roots cool during the summer

Various types

THREE varieties are usually obtainable from nurserymen—dwarf, medium, and tall. The kurume or Japanese azaleas are in a class by themselves, and are all dwarf types.

Some of the best of the tall varieties are Phoeniceum (single, deep rosy violet), Eugene Mazel (brick-red, single), Mortii (single, white), Murasaki Rinkiu rosea (pink, single), Orange Brilliant and Splendens (rosy-salmon).

Of the medium types, Arlequin (white, red stripes, single), Bernhardt Andreas (deep rose, double), Charles De Buck (cerise-lake, double), Charmer (bright amaranth, single), Countess of Flanders (pink, single), Daphne (white, pink stripes, double), and Souv. de Prince Albert (salmon-rose with broad white margin, single) are the best.

Vervaeneana (pink, bordered white with dark blotch, double), Schryveriana (salmon-rose edged with white, double), Cordon Bleu (single, purple), Bouquet des Roses (pink, double), Baron de Rothschild (purplish-violet, double), and Balsaminaeflora (salmon-pink, double) are the best of the dwarf types.

About sixty of the kurume azaleas are on the market and the gardener must make his or her own choice from nurserymen's catalogues.

EXQUISITE WHITE AZALEAS photographed in a botanic garden. These are typical of most azaleas and rhododendrons. Given the right conditions and suitable soil they smother themselves with blooms every season, providing a veritable floral festival in the garden.

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● Try the new Cutex Nail Polish. There is a treat in store for you—because it wears longer with none of that unsightly cracking and peeling that detracts from your grooming. Choose Cutex Cameo or Cedarwood and put it to a practical test. You will be rewarded by days of lustrous wear.

Cutex contains no acetone, it will not cause splitting brittle nails.

CUTEX
Salon Polish

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SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off her clothes to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend advised her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, remove all fat-forming residue daily and improve your health in every way.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking your Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

"For two years I had been putting on surplus fat. In Bile Beans I found a safe method of weight reduction. They have not only given me a slim figure but new energy and health. I still keep on with my nightly Bile Beans." Mrs. E. Pape.

"I can now wear my dresses to much better advantage than ever before. My unwanted fat was on the bust, waist and hips, but Bile Beans, taken regularly every night, have reduced me by seventeen pounds in three months." Miss E. M. Hooks.

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GREY HAIR?

Say goodbye to greyness or say goodbye to youth. INECTO recolours hair in nature's way—from the inside. That's why it cannot fade, wash or brush off. It is permanent—cannot be detected. Eighteen colours that match nature's. Full instructions with each bottle. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Banish grey hair in 30 minutes with

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Readers win prizes for

THESE RECIPES

● All selected by our cookery expert as the most interesting entries received for the week in our best recipe competition and well worth your trying. You, too, can enter this competition simply by sending us your favorite recipe.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is fascinating but ever so simple to enter.

All you have to do to compete is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

WRAPPED BANANAS

Peel required number of bananas, cut crosswise in halves, dip each piece in beaten egg, roll in fine, seasoned oatmeal, and fry in hot fat till nicely browned. Then drain.

Cut 1lb. fillet of veal moderately thin and just large enough to wrap round a banana. Place a banana on each fillet roll, tie securely, then roll each in flour and fry till brown in the fat used for the bananas. Put 2 large rashers of bacon in the bottom of a casserole, place veal and banana rolls on top of bacon and top off with another rasher. Make a rich brown gravy, add to it ½ cup sherry, and pour over all. Bake slowly 1 to 1½ hours, and serve with creamed potatoes and green vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. G. Evans, 37 Harvey St., Prospect, S.A.

SAVORY CHEESE SAGO

Soak 2 tablespoons sago overnight in cold water. Drain, then add 2 cups milk and bring to boil. Stir until sago is clear, then remove from stove and drop in 1 unbeaten egg. Beat well, then return to stove and cook until egg thickens. Do not allow to boil.

Remove from stove, add 3 tablespoons grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, a pinch of mustard and sugar.

Serve with toast or pile on fried bread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Beat, Broadmeadows, Rockhampton, Qld.

LENTIL ROAST

Four ounces lentils, 1 onion, 1oz. margarine, 1 egg, 4oz. grated nuts, 3oz. breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, herbs, 1 tomato.

Soak lentils overnight, then cook in salted water until soft. Strain. Grate onion and add to lentils, together with grated nuts, breadcrumbs, melted margarine, and skinned and chopped tomato. Season well with salt, pepper, and a pinch of herbs, and bind with a beaten egg. Form into a roll or ball, brush over with melted margarine, and cover with a greased paper. Put in a tin with a little hot fat and bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes, basting occasionally. Serve with tomato sauce, chipped or roast potatoes, and a green vegetable.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. Millingen, Phillip St., Hawthorn, Vic.

CARROT TART

Grate enough of the red part of two large (washed and scraped) carrots to fill a large cup. Mix with an equal quantity of breadcrumbs. Bring 1 pint of milk to the boil and pour over carrots and breadcrumbs and leave till cold. Mix in 3oz. sugar, 1 saltspoon of spice, a few chopped raisins, grated rind and strained juice of 1 lemon, and 1 well-beaten egg (if small eggs, use 2). Line a deep plate with short pastry, put in mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

ECONOMY BIRTHDAY CAKE

Two cups mixed fruit, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, ½lb. butter (if dripping used add 1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon juice), few drops flavoring essence.

Boil these ingredients together for five minutes. When lukewarm, sift and stir into mixture 2½ cups plain flour sifted with 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda. Put in a greased cake-tin and bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven.

Ice with mock almond icing. This has all the flavor and nuttiness of the genuine and expensive article. Pour into an earthenware basin half a tin of sweetened condensed milk, beat in lightly 6 drops of lemon essence, 12 drops of vanilla, and 18 drops of almond essence. Stir well, then add 1½ cups fine white breadcrumbs; beat to a stiff paste, spread over cake with a wet knife and dust liberally with desiccated coconut, patting it down a little into the icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Margaret Morcom, 64 Yabba St., Ascot, Brisbane.

CHILDREN'S BROWNIE

Sift into a basin 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, and ¾ cup sugar. Mix in with the hands ½ cup butter, then add ½ cup currants and sultanas, 1 cup chopped dates, and a little lemon peel. Beat 2 eggs, add a little milk, and mix. Turn on to a floured board and knead. Grease a baking dish, place brownie in dish, sprinkle with brown sugar or nutmeg on top, and cook slowly 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. W. Lawlor, Avondale, Walcha Rd., N.S.W.

BAKED LIVER (SOUTHERN STYLE)

One pound calf's liver, 6 slices bacon, 1 medium onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup water, salt and pepper to taste.

Melt fat in pan, sprinkle salt and pepper on liver, roll in flour, place in pan, cover with finely-chopped onion and slices of bacon. Place lid on pan and cook over slow fire about 10 minutes or until brown on both sides, turning several times and keeping bacon on top. After browning, place in a roaster or deep pan. Make gravy in fat in which liver has been cooked, adding first flour, then equal parts of milk and water, seasoning to taste. Stir until it begins to thicken, then pour over liver. Set in hot oven and cook 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Fay Hunter, 83 Baylis St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

ABOVE: Children's brownie, a delicious cake for both old and young, flavored with dates. See recipe on this page.

LEFT: Lentil roast makes an appetising and economical change from meat. As shown here, the lentil mixture is formed into a roll.

Miss Precious Minutes

A SAUCER placed face downwards in the bottom of a salad bowl in which lettuce is being served will collect surplus water, and the lettuce at the bottom of the bowl will not get too wet.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHEN mending socks or stockings, darn diagonally instead of straight up and down or across. This will make a *more* secure job as the threads will not pull against each other.

❖ ❖ ❖

IT is a good plan to boil cauliflower in a piece of butter muslin. It can then be removed from the saucepan without breaking. This also keeps it free from scum, and preserves the color.

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DO YOU KNOW? KISSING FROG CURES TOOTHACHE!

MARCELLUS, FAMOUS ROMAN WRITER GAVE THIS ADVICE TO ALL WHO SUFFERED FROM TOOTHACHE "REPEAT THESE MAGIC WORDS THRICE, 'ARGIDUM, MARGIDUM, STURGIDUM', THEN KISS A FROG ON THE MOUTH SET HIM FREE, REQUESTING HIM TO CARRY AWAY YOUR TOOTHACHE"

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TEETH FREE FROM DECAY WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS, LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING.

TEETH That Prove RIGHT TO THRONE!

WHEN THE KINGS OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE OF ANGOLA DIE, A TOOTH IS EXTRACTED FROM THEIR HEAD AND PLACED IN A BOX. THIS BOX CONTAINS TEETH SIMILARLY EXTRACTED FROM DEAD PREDECESSORS. ONLY THE MAN POSSESSING THIS BOX CAN SUCCEED TO THE THRONE!

DEADLY BACTERIA Live in your MOUTH—KILL THEM OR DENTAL DECAY STARTS!

YOUR MOUTH IS A BREEDING PLACE FOR BACTERIA. UNLESS YOU KILL THESE YOU GET "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY FOLLOWS. KOLYNOS SWIRLS RIGHT UP BETWEEN THE CREVICES IN YOUR TEETH—KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN, SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE. AND REMEMBER, KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY PASTE. ½ ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/-

Daily use of WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

Steadies your Nerves!

In times of stress WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM quiets your nerves, soothes your throat, keeps you refreshed and mentally alert. Chewing WRIGLEY'S is also Nature's way to strong, healthy teeth—providing much needed exercise. In addition it aids digestion, freshens the palate and sweetens the breath. Doctors and dentists recommend its daily use—especially for children.

There are three flavours — P.K. (double distilled peppermint), Spearmint (essence of fresh garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (lusciously sweet). All are delicious, healthful and fragrant. They sweeten the breath. WRIGLEY'S is small in cost, but big in benefits. Buy half a dozen packets to-day and always keep a supply handy. Give some to the children, too—they'll love it.

WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM JUICY FRUIT

Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere.

AU13

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You'll like these

SUMMER SWEETS

MADE with gelatine and fruits, these desserts are ideal for warmer weather . . . Delicious to eat with a melt-in-your-mouth quality and attractive to look at . . . The sort that make the family ask for more and persuade guests to rate you high as a culinary expert. Try one of the recipes—for dinner tonight.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

(Left) ORANGE CREAM SOUFFLE. This luscious sweet made with jelly crystals, egg-whites and oranges may be prepared in a large souffle dish or served in tiny individual dishes as shown here. The little dishes are attractive for special occasions.

LIGHTER desserts, especially those of the fruit kind, and made with gelatine and, often, egg-whites, should figure frequently in summer-time menus.

These recipes for summer desserts you will find unusually delicious and fascinating to make.

ORANGE CREAM SOUFFLE

One large packet orange jelly crystals, 1 large tin unsweetened condensed milk, 1 cup orange juice, 1 egg-white, orange and angelica to decorate.

Prepare souffle mould by placing a band of greaseproof paper round the mould. Have it two inches above the top of mould to support souffle until it sets.

Melt jelly crystals with 1 cup of boiling water and 1 cup of orange juice. When jelly is beginning to set, beat condensed milk into it. Beat well until it becomes a light, spongy mixture and beginning to thicken, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white and continue to beat until mixture is just thin enough to pour into prepared mould. Allow to set, and when thoroughly chilled decorate with orange and angelica. Remove paper bands and serve in the souffle mould.

APPLE JELLY SNOW

Four large apples, 3oz. sugar, 1 gill water, 1 egg-white, 2 teaspoons gelatine, ½ lemon, few cloves, 1oz. sugar (extra), cherries to decorate.

Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons of cold water. Stew apples to a soft pulp with sugar and 1 gill water. Flavor with cloves or lemon rind. Put aside about one-third of this puree. Stir soaked gelatine into remainder and dissolve it. Put into a border mould to set. Before turning out, whip the egg-white. Stir lemon juice, 1oz. sugar and whipped white into apple puree, and beat till a thick white cream. Turn out apple mould, pile snow into middle, and decorate with a few cherries.

MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, whites 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6 drops lemon essence, 1½ squares of unsweetened chocolate, carmine, walnuts, cherries.

Soak gelatine in cold water for ½ hour. Dissolve in boiling water, cool. Stir in sugar till dissolved. Beat egg-whites and add mixture to it a little at a time, beating constantly; divide quickly into three. Add vanilla to one, and color pink. To the second add melted chocolate and vanilla. Flavor the third with lemon. Mould in layers, add chopped nuts to pink if liked, cherries to white. Cool and serve with cream or custard.

NEAPOLITAN FRUIT JELLY

One pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons water, 1 pkt. lemon jelly crystals, fruit (peaches, apricots or cherries), 1oz. grated chocolate, carmine, 1 jar cream (sweetened and whipped).

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water. When cool, set about 1 inch in bottom of a mould and arrange fruit. Cover with a thin layer of jelly and allow to become firm. Soak gelatine in 3 tablespoons of water. Cream eggs and sugar, add to hot milk, and cook over boiling water until mixture coats the spoon. As the custard cools add gelatine and divide mixture into three portions. To one-third add chocolate dissolved in a little hot milk; color the second a pale pink, and leave the third cream. Cover fruit set in jelly with about one inch of colored custard and continue filling mould in alternate colors, leaving one color until thoroughly set before pouring on the next. When mould is full, thoroughly chill. Unmould and decorate with whipped cream and chopped jelly.

BANANA SPONGE

Six bananas, juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 2 egg-whites, few crystallised cherries.

Soak gelatine in water for a few minutes, then dissolve over low heat. Add sugar and allow to cool. Mash bananas, mix with lemon juice. Add water and sugar, and whisk. Finally add stiffly-beaten whites and continue whisking until mixture is frothy. Pour into a wetted mould. When set turn out and decorate with banana slices and crystallised cherries.

"Oh me! Oh my!" cries Mrs. Jones. "My little Susie won't eat her breakfast." That's all Snap, Crackle and Pop need to hear—and they come flying to Mama Jones' rescue with a big plate of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles!

"Take it away," yells Susie running true-to-form next morning. Susie doesn't know the surprise that Mama and Snap, Crackle and Pop have got in store for her.

Susie's eyes nearly pop out when Mama pours the milk on her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Those Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle and Pop all over the plate. They seem to say, "Come on Susie, eat us all up."

"Lets more, please, Mummy," says Susie every morning. "I want to hear Snap, Crackle and Pop again!" Mummy smiles because she knows that Kellogg's Rice Bubbles — the breakfast that goes Snap, Crackle and Pop—is piling nourishment and energy value into her little Susie. Easy to digest, too. So if YOUR little Susie won't eat her breakfast, order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* from your grocer right away.

*"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its oven-popped rice.

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WELL NOURISHED

. . . on limited incomes

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . .
By a Doctor

PATIENT: Doctor, we hear a great deal these days about the importance of correct nutrition, and the need, especially in wartime, of securing the maximum amount of nutriment from food. My husband is only in moderate circumstances, and so my expenditure is limited. How can I be sure that I am spending my money wisely, and feeding my family in the best possible manner?

DOCTOR: Obviously at a time like this it is important that no money should be wasted.

Yet a great deal of money is wasted annually upon food—wasted in the sense that it is spent on expensive foods which have little nutritive value, when it might be spent more profitably on cheaper, more nourishing products.

Even in a rich country like Australia only a small proportion of the population lives on a really adequate diet, and definite malnutrition does exist.

The word malnutrition immediately calls to mind the picture of a person starving, but it is not only the underfed who are its victims. The fat, overfed person is often just as surely a sufferer from malnutrition as his underfed brother.

The problem in this country is not that people do not have enough food, but that they have the wrong sort of food.

There are certain essential foods which should form the basis of every diet. And to understand which foods are essential it is necessary to have some idea of the purpose of different foods.

Roughly, all foods may be divided into three groups—body-building foods, fuel foods, and protective foods.

The proteins are the chief body-builders. They help to build up the body and to replace worn-out tissues.

Meat, milk, eggs, cheese, and fish are all rich in first-class proteins.

Many vegetables, such as peas, beans, and potatoes, are also a good source, but are not as important as the first five.

The fuel foods are those which contain large amounts of starch, fat, or sugar. Cereal foods, such as bread, are excellent cheap sources of fuel, and for this reason are widely consumed.

Unfortunately, highly - refined cereals and sugar products are deficient in minerals and vitamins.

Whole-grain bread and cereals, on the other hand, are important sources of Vitamin B1, B2, and the minerals, phosphorus, lime, and iron.

These vital essentials, for instance, are contained in the bran and the germ of wheat, the parts which are eliminated from white flour.

For this reason it is better economy to buy only whole-grain cereals and cereal products.

See that the family eats plenty of wholesome whole-wheat bread. Serve whole-grain cereals for breakfast and if you serve the ready-to-eat type make sure it is prepared from whole grain.

When you make cakes for family consumption use whole-wheat flour and brown sugar or honey for sweetening.

White sugar, although a cheap fuel food, is deficient in minerals and vitamins, like other highly refined foods.

A diet in which white bread and jam and cake play the most important part is, as you can see, very low in vitamins and minerals. Such a diet, unfortunately, is used too much in nearly every Australian home.

Raw or brown sugar and honey should be often on the table instead. Use these natural products in cooking, too.

To cook fruit

WHEN you cook fruit, for instance, sweeten with honey, raisins, or dates and add no white sugar. In fact, if you leave the skin on the fruit when you cook it, as with apples, you'll find you'll need less sweetening, while, in addition, you'll preserve the valuable minerals just under the skin.

The protective foods are those such as milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit and vegetables, which are rich in mineral salts and vitamins. Both minerals and vitamins are essential for health, especially to "protect" the body against infection.

Vitamins particularly are important. These are complex chemical substances found in most natural foods.

Six of them are now definitely recognised and are known respectively as vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D, and E. They are all necessary to an equal extent, as each plays its own particular part in maintaining the body's well-being.

Extreme vitamin deficiency will lead to serious disorders such as beri-beri, scurvy, or rickets; minor vitamin deficiency manifests itself in general ill-health, poor teeth, bad posture, and increased susceptibility to infection.

Milk is one food which should on no account be done without, and one which does not take the place it deserves in the average Australian diet.

Milk is more than a drink; it is a food, rich in proteins, minerals, and vitamins.

All children need from 1¼ pints to a quart each day; expectant and nursing mothers (because of its mineral content) need a quart; and all adults should have at least a pint.

The average daily consumption of milk in Australia is half a pint—just half what it should be.

Milk gives a good return for the money spent on it, and it is false economy to cut down on your milk bill.

If you have a limited amount to spend on food, buy more milk, cheese, fruits, and vegetables, and reduce your purchase of sugar, cakes, and biscuits. An egg a day is good nutritional value.

Remember that cheaper meats such as liver, brains, and tripe are even more nutritious than the dearer cuts.

A back garden, however small, will provide fresh green vegetables, especially lettuce, which should be growing in the garden of every home.

To sum up, base your meals on milk, meat, eggs, cheese, fruit, vegetables, and whole-grain bread and cereals.

Make sure especially that milk, green, leafy vegetables, and fruit are taken by yourself and the family every day.

Steam vegetables in preference to boiling, in order to conserve the mineral salts, or else boil in just sufficient water to cook without burning.

Any water left over from vegetables should never be thrown away but used for soups, as this water contains the most valuable part of the vegetables—the mineral salts.

RT. REV. LEO MELLIGAN, Bishop of Pembroke, was mistaken for a Royal North-West Mounted Policeman by the Dionne Quintuplets when he made one of his regular visits to the Dionne nursery, which is in his diocese, in his uniform as chief chaplain of the Canadian Armies. To the "Quins," whose home is under regular guard of uniformed police, every man in uniform is a policeman. Discovering their error, they proudly got into their uniforms as Junior Red Cross nurses to salute him. Left to right: Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, and the bishop.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Beauty culture for baby

THE delicate plastic beauty of baby can soon be marred if harmful little habits are allowed to form which will spoil the contour of chin and jaws. Wrong diet for either mother or baby will spoil the tender bloom of the sensitive petal-like skin.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

BY THEMSELVES . . . *they're great!*

WITH SAUSAGES . . . *first rate!*

WITH JOINTS . . . *invigorating!*

WITH GRILLS . . . *captivating!*

YOU'RE always able to make meals interesting with Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. And nourishing. And healthful. Serve them alone or with almost anything else!

The flavour, enriched with Heinz tomato sauce, is always welcome. The "texture" of the Heinz-selected, Heinz-baked beans is delicately floury, mealy. Containing proteins and carbohydrates, they give energy. Rich in vitamins, they give health. Have them often at *any* meal — Joy of Living for a few pence!

HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS

MADE IN 57 VARIETIES AUSTRALIA

840/2

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AWARD WINNER

Velmol Gold Cup Hair Style Championship

A soft rush of descending waves swirls down the head . . . ends in a staccato bunch of ringlets. An impressive march of curls sweeps past above the ears . . . breaking into rhythmic clusters upswept across the forehead. "Symphony" . . . inspired by the form and movement of a classical masterpiece—created for Velmol by Joy Hanna.

Joy Hanna.
BUCKINGHAM'S Ltd., Oxford St., Sydney.

'DAMP-SET *THIS HAIR STYLE WITH* VELMOL' says Miss Hanna.

★ *"It must be smooth and soft, with every curl and wave in place. . . . For all hair styles, regular 'damp-setting' with Velmol is a fashion 'must' these days."*

Whether *your* hair style is an expert salon set, or a simple home arrangement of waves and curls, you need the professional assistance of Velmol "*damp-sets.*"

Velmol makes it easy to fix hair disarranged in wind, sport or slumber, or to "damp-set" it back to smartness after shampooing.

It's simple . . . and quick! All you do is run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Moisten your brush with a *few* drops of Velmol and brush evenly through your hair. And then re-arrange your style with fingers and comb. Velmol sets waves and curls—and *holds* them . . . silky soft, and with a rich natural lustre.

Follow the advice of 1940's champion hair stylists—keep your coiffure "salon-smart" with Velmol. *Ask to-day for a 2/- bottle of Velmol—from hairdresser, chemist or store.*

(Just a wet comb—and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)

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NEEDLEWORK Notions . . . .

SO SMART for that new frock of yours—a lapel set traced ready for working. Available in colored linen or organdie.

LUNCHEON or SUPPER SET . .

YOU can obtain this supper or luncheon set traced for working with the flower design from our Needlework Department.

The mats are available in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen and also in white, blue, yellow, or green Swiss organdie.

Sizes and prices are:

Nine-piece set comprising centre mat, 12 by 18 inches, four plate mats, 11 by 11 inches, and four cup and saucer mats, 5 by 5 inches, price 6/3 for linen; 5/9 for organdie.

Thirteen-piece set comprising centre mat, 12 by 18 inches, 6 plate mats 11 by 11 inches, six cup and saucer mats, 5 by 5 inches, price 7/9 for linen; 7/- for organdie.

Serviettes to match, 11 by 11 inches, are 1/- for linen; 9d for organdie, postage included.

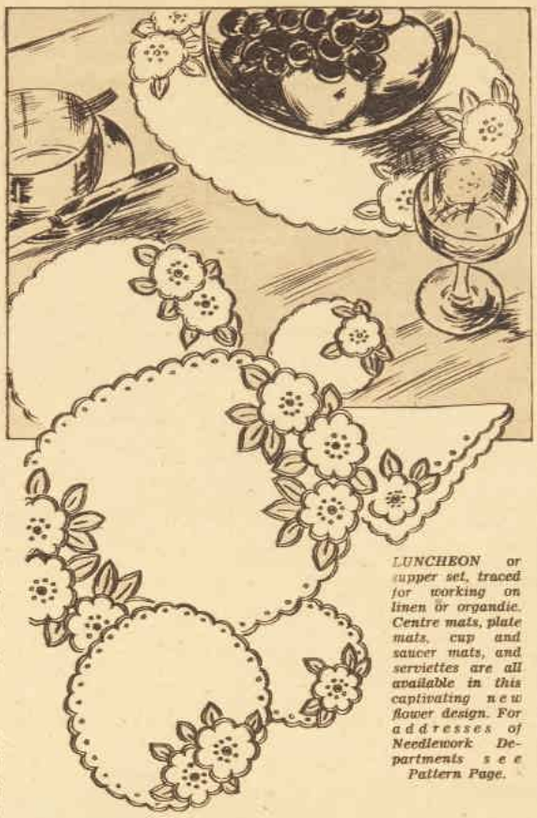
You can also obtain a duchesse set in this pretty flower design.

The mats are traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen.

Sizes and prices are:

Centre mat, 12 by 18 inches, two small mats, 9 by 9 inches, price 2/6 set of three mats.

The design is very simple to work, the stitches used being buttonhole around the whole edge with french knots or eyelets for the centres of the flowers. The leaves are worked in buttonhole and stem-stitch.



LUNCHEON or supper set, traced for working on linen or organdie. Centre mats, plate mats, cup and saucer mats, and serviettes are all available in this captivating new flower design. For addresses of Needlework Departments see Pattern Page.

LAPEL SET for your new frock . . .

HERE is something quite new—a lapel set, which you can obtain traced for working from our Needlework Department.

As you can see from the illustration the lapel set will fit on to any dress with turned-back revers or with a simple V neckline.

It is obtainable in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen and in white, green, blue or yellow organdie.

Price of set is 1/11, postage free.

To do the embroidery, work the whole outline in buttonhole-stitch, also the motif and flower and leaf in the centre. Finish the centres of the flowers with either french knots or eyelets, and be careful to thoroughly press the work before cutting away the material.

For the tiny tot

THIS dainty overall designed for the little girl is just the thing for protecting her clothes while she is playing.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department in cream, pale blue, pale pink, green or lemon linora, a fabric which launders and wears well.

The pattern for cutting out and making up and the design for embroidery—flower-pot motifs and a butterfly on the front—are all stamped on the material, so that all you have to do is cut out, stitch up and work.

Sizes and prices are: 2 to 4 years, 1/11; 4 to 6 years, 2/3, postage free.

Paper pattern for those who would like to make up the overall in their own material is obtainable from our Needlework Department for 1/-. No transfer available.

FOR YOUR little girl, a play overall traced for making up and for working in colored linora. Sizes 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years.

YOU'LL SEEK IT HERE! . . . . .
YOU'LL SEEK IT THERE! . . . . .
YOU'LL SEEK IT EVERYWHERE!

Scarlet Pimpernel

The New DASHING ELUSIVE LIPSTICK SHADE

To Wear on Every Occasion for Spring 3/9

CREATED BY paul Duval

AND SOLD ONLY BY
DAVID JONES LTD., SYDNEY
MYER EMPORIUM Ltd., MELB.
JOHN MARTIN Ltd., Adelaide
BOAN'S LIMITED . . PERTH
FINNEY ISLES Ltd. BRISBANE
BROWNELL'S LTD. . HOBART
AND AT EXCLUSIVE COUNTRY CHEMISTS

He's as HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

Wisely, his mother keeps him in perfect health with genuine Laxettes — the mild chocolate aperient that kiddies love to take.

Ideally suited to sensitive young tummies and finicky young palates, genuine Laxettes have been preferred for 30 years by mothers and children in almost every Australian home. Genuine Laxettes are absolutely free from habit-forming drugs and purgatives and gently but surely prevent Faulty Elimination (*incomplete* bowel action).

Try a tin today. Genuine Laxettes, containing dihydroxydiphenylphthalidum, the non-toxic and *safe* laxative.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO. 366 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE C.1

Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES

STANDARD TIN 1/6
Trial Size-6d

Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES!
LADIES PREFER Sparva FABRICS
36" WIDE

PROCURABLE FROM YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

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Brighten up that drab kitchen

It's easy with Dynamel

1 THAT DARK-STAINED saucepan cupboard underneath the kitchen sink — doesn't it make the whole kitchen look drab and dingy? But whip on some gleaming Dynamel, and you'll have the smartest, brightest saucepan cupboard ever! What's more, Dynamel's smooth, waterproof finish needs only a quick wipe over to keep it spotlessly clean.

2 TAKE A GOOD LOOK at those little wall shelves. What an asset they'd be in your kitchen — just the place to keep the toaster, etcetera. And you'd have fun Dynamelling them. Dynamel smooths itself right out as you brush. That's what makes Dynamel so much easier to use than ordinary enamels.

3 DON'T FORGET the shelves inside that cupboard, either! They'll be so much more attractive, so much easier to keep clean, when you treat them to a shining white Dynamel finish. And all the better for you to see what you want to put away in the cupboard too!

4 WHAT A PITY to let that shabby old traymobile ruin the effect of your delicious afternoon tea! Out with your Dynamel and brush — in no time you'll have that traymobile fresh and bright as new! Dynamelling is easy as slicing bread, or any of your usual household jobs—and it's much more fascinating.

5 DON'T LET THAT SHABBY linoleum continue to be a blot on the kitchen landscape. Put Solpah Paving Paint right over it, and you'll have a smart solid color floor finish for next to nothing. Solpah is easy to clean, wears like iron. Sixteen lovely colors to choose from.

6 DYNAMEL THAT CHAIR too, and have your whole kitchen radiant with color. It's economical — a little Dynamel goes on amazingly long way.

THIS TEST PROVES HOW MUCH EASIER DYNAMELLING IS.
Brush a little Dynamel on a piece of metal piping or board. Then make criss-cross marks on the surface with a sharp point. Don't look now — but when you do look a few minutes later, you won't find a scratch. Dynamel always smooths itself out —never leaves a streak or brushmark to spoil its satiny surface.

Dynamel is better than enamel. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. And you get a mirror-smooth finish first time.

30 lovelier colors—see the Dynamel Color Card at paint stores everywhere. White, New Cream, Ivory, Cream, Biscuit ● Coral, Powder Rose ● Sky Blue, Cambridge Blue, Kanimbla Blue, Harbour Blue, Royal Blue ● Primrose, Daffodil, Marigold, Orange ● Oriental Red, Cherry Red, Persian Red ● Lake Green, Nile Green, Lettuce Green, Spring Green, Forest Green ● Oyster Grey, Cruiser Grey, Beige, Russet, Chestnut ● Black, Clear, also Inside Ice Chest White.

ANYONE CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITH TAUBMANS DYNAMEL

FREE!
TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____ A.3.

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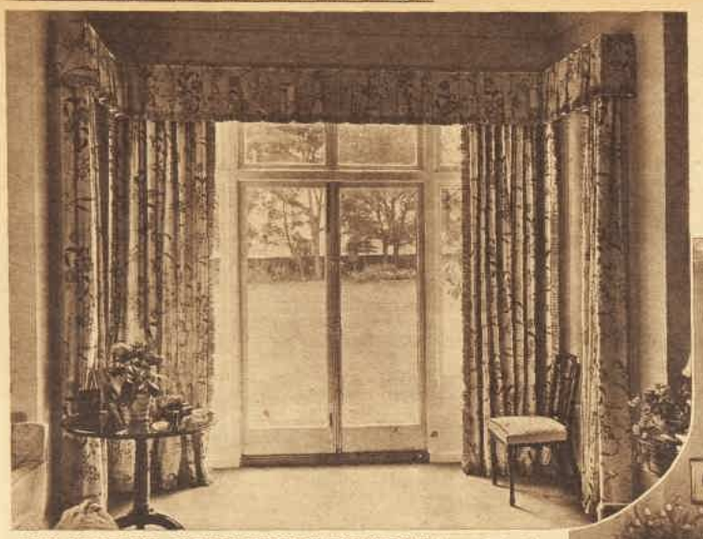
THOSE LONG WINDOWS

● How to curtain floor-length windows, bay windows, french windows, and other difficult types is often a problem. Here are some ideas which are simple to carry out yet very effective and suitable with most kinds of furnishings.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR



THIS BEAUTIFUL FRENCH WINDOW TREATMENT is carried out in glazed chintz, showing a delicate flower-pattern in blue, pink, green, and mauve design on a white ground. The floor-length drapes which can be drawn across as required and the pelmet are edged with a plain frill. No glass curtains are used against the windows.

AN UNUSUAL BAY WINDOW treated in an attractive manner. The dark drapes which fall to the built-in upholstered seat in the bay are of ruby velvet and are finished with a matching perfectly straight pelmet across the top. The glass curtains which are ruffled and draped are of pale cream marquisette. The velvet drapes are made to draw across at night.

NOT QUITE a full-length window but a difficult one set in a sloping roof in a bedroom . . . It has been curtained charmingly with white marquisette, lavishly frilled and then drawn back into soft drapes. The Venetian blind and the wooden pelmet across the top are both painted white to pick up the white motif in the primrose wallpaper.

A DIGNIFIED TREATMENT for a very beautiful floor-length window in a dining-room. Heavy damask, showing a subdued floral design on a deep cream ground, is used in the form of two long drapes hung with rings from a metal rod. These drapes also draw across the window as required and make a lovely contrast to the polished wood floor and other woodwork in the room.

CYCLONE

Flywire

PROTECTS HEALTH

Doors and Window Screens of "Cyclone" Flywire keep flies away from the kitchen. No spoiled foods or contaminated meats; no risk of danger to baby's diet.

PROTECTS REST

Sleep soundly at night, free from the persistent buzzing of mosquitoes, beetles and other winged pests. Your "Cyclone" Flywire sleepout-panels are a perfect protective barrier.

PROTECTS WOMEN

She can hear and see, but he cannot enter. Fit latches to your "Cyclone" Flywire doors and protect your home from prowling intruders.

FLY "Cyclone" WIRE

Made in Australia

CYCLONE FENCE & GATE CO. PTY. LTD., SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

WC404

CYCLONE

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Try Hamp 'n Eggs — Hampé fried with eggs — a new flavour thrill.

Here's "Menu Magic" FOR TIRED HOUSEWIVES

Deliciously Different, Ready-to-Serve

HAMPÉ

(Pronounced "Hamp-y")

Here is Imperial's newest triumph in palate-tickling, quick-serve foods.

It's Hampé—a delicious combination of selected, mild, sugar cured ham with prime veal.

Serve Hampé fried with eggs.
Hampé Salad.
Hampé Sandwiches.
Hampé Toasted Sandwiches.

Hampé costs less per pound than ham, yet most people prefer its flavour and *all* approve its savoury food-value.

Try Hampé for a *different* meal to-day. You'll want to serve it often. No fuss—no bother to prepare. Just serve it straight from the flavour-sealed "Imperial" can.

Hampé Salad provides unsuspected delights in simple, summer fare.

Toasted Hamp-wiches! Just the thing for lunch or supper.

and try these Imperial Ready-to-Serve DELICACIES

Try "Imperial" Camp Pie with crisp, cool salads. It's a delightful hot weather treat.

Serve "Imperial" Sheep or Lamb Tongues as a hot dish—or cold with salads. They're delicious.

Prime Corned Beef, flavour-sealed, and ready to serve, provides an appetising yet substantial meal.

Choose the ideal sandwich spread from "Imperial" Gherkin, Tomato, Mustard, or Curry Savoury Spreads.

8oz., 12oz. and 1lb. cans.

Imperial GOOD FOODS

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